The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of pictures relating to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness for his kind permission to reproduce many of the views and portraits contained in this number. To Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., we have to express a similar obligation for the use of numerous plates from their illustrated edition of "Aylwin." Mr. James Douglas, from whose forthcoming volume, "Theodore Watts-Dunton," we reproduce a number of pictures, has kindly placed his special knowledge at our service in the illustration of this issue of The Bookman. To Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. we are indebted for two illustrations from the new edition of the works of Sir Lewis Morris.

Mr. A. H. Bullen is busily engaged in the preparation of his Stratford Town edition of Shakespeare. It will be somewhat less conservative than the Cambridge text. A thousand copies of the new issue are to be published at the cost of ten guineas each. The specimen pages promise a very handsome and desirable edition.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is busy writing a monograph on Marie Antoinette, which will be published here and in America in the course of the new year.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has arranged to publish in January a work on Spanish Influence in English Literature, by Major Martin Hume. Among the subjects dealt with are: (1) The Influence of Spain upon European Culture in the Middle Ages, and the Birth of Castilian Literature; (2) The Romances of Chivalry; (3) The Spanish Novel: Its Tendency and Influence; (4) The Literature of Travel and of War; (5) The Spanish Theatre and English Dramatists.

"The Return of Sherlock Holmes" will be published

From an Amateur Photograph taken in the room at St. Moritz, where "The Prodigal Son" was written.

Mr. Hall Caine.

in book-form in the spring of the new year in this country by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd., and simultaneously in America by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co.

Mr. John Lane has deferred the publication of the life of Robert Stephen Hawker. Much additional correspondence has been recovered, and the biography will be of considerable dimensions, but Mr. Lane hopes to be able to issue it in one large volume.

Under the title "The Specialist," a book is to be published which is said to suggest "Ships that Pass in the Night." It is the tale of a daring surgical experiment in a Swiss sanitorium, in which courage is rewarded with more than life at the hands of a master of science. The author is A. M. Irvine.

Snapshot of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy.

Whose novel, "The Lady of Loyalty House," is reviewed on another page.

Renan's Letters from the Holy Land are to be translated. They were addressed to Berthelot, the chemist, and sketches of Renan and his correspondent are to be included in the volume.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has commissioned Mr. Arthur A'Beckett to write him a comic history of the Victorian Reign. It will probably be called "A Comic History of our Own Times."

Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, the author of "Lives of the Hunted" and other well-known books, is at present lecturing in this country.

Mr. Richard Bagot has returned to Rome, and will, as usual, reside there during the winter. He is said to have nearly completed the MS. of his new novel.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have written a new series of stories, which are to be published under the general title of "If Youth But Knew." They will be published serially in this country in one of the popular monthlies, and simultaneously in *Collier's Weekly* in New York.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's new novel has had a very successful run in the United States, where it is said her publishers have already sold 60,000 copies.

Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont is at present in America superintending the production of a new play.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, "Lady Penelope," will be published immediately by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. in this country, and in America by Messrs. L. C. Page and Co., of Boston.

The English edition of Mr. Geo. H. Lorimer's new book, "Old Gorgon Graham," will not be published until the early part of the new year. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

The title of the new book by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the author of "The Gayworthys," is "Biddy Episodes." Mrs. Whitney has passed her eightieth year, and is still in good health.

Mr. Heinemann's cheap and pretty edition of Shakespeare's plays is being very well received. He contemplates following it with selections from the best essayists.

Mr. H. W. Boynton has rapidly fought his way to a foremost place among American critics, and his reputation is sustained by his new volume of essays on Journalism and Literature. According to Mr. Boynton, "wherever in a journal personality emerges and fully expresses itself, literature emerges." Speaking of E. L. Godkin, of the *Nation*, Mr. Boynton says: "his work lay on the border regions between literature and journalism." We suspect the common distinction between journalism and literature is after all the soundest. Journalism serves the moment; literature endures. Admirable as Godkin's journalistic work is, and perhaps for the very reason that it was admirable, there is very little of it that can be reprinted to advantage. The journalist who is also a man of letters must find time or make time to write books.

The first volume of the life of Russia's greatest composer, Peter Tchaikovsky, by P. Jurgenson, has just been published. It is edited by his brother, and is

based on some 4,000 letters written by the musician, and twice as many written to him by 807 persons. The story of Tchaikovsky's marriage is very extraordinary. He was in love with the well-known opera singer, Désiré Artot, but she suddenly married another man. One day he received a letter from a girl whom he had met before, confessing that she loved him. After much hesitation and with great reluctance he married her. After a short period the union was followed by a separation for life. "A few days more and I swear I should have gone insane." The only light the biographer sheds on the situation is that he speaks of "an abyss of misunderstandings between the two."

Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "Audrey," spent the entire summer in Sicily, where she went for a complete rest. She has just returned to her home near Richmond.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, "The Marriage of William Ashe," is supposed to turn on the unfortunate marriage between Lady Caroline Ponsonby and William Lamb, afterwards the famous Lord Melbourne. Eight years after their marriage a separation was attempted, which was, however, not carried out till 1825. Lady Caroline had become passionately infatuated with Byron, and after Byron left her, her temper became ungovernable. She published a novel, "Glen Arvon," when the legal documents were being prepared. On the day fixed for the execution of the deed of separation, a sudden reconciliation took place, and Lady Caroline was found seated beside her husband "feeding him with tiny scraps of transparent bread and butter." In July, 1824, she accidentally met Byron's funeral procession on the way to Newstead. This affected her mind, and the separation took place in 1825. She lived three years longer with her father-in-law, and her only surviving child, a hopeless invalid. She is supposed to have been the original of Mrs. Felix Lorraine in "Vivian Grey," and of Lady Monteagle in "Venetia." Lord Lytton has left on record an account of his brief attachment to her, which will be found in the first volume of his life. Lord Melbourne afterwards appeared as a co-respondent in two divorce cases, but was on both occasions acquitted. It has been said that his mind was peculiarly pensive and solitary. His work as an instructor of the young Queen Victoria is well remembered.

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, of Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., has been paying a two days' visit to this country, and has now returned to New York.

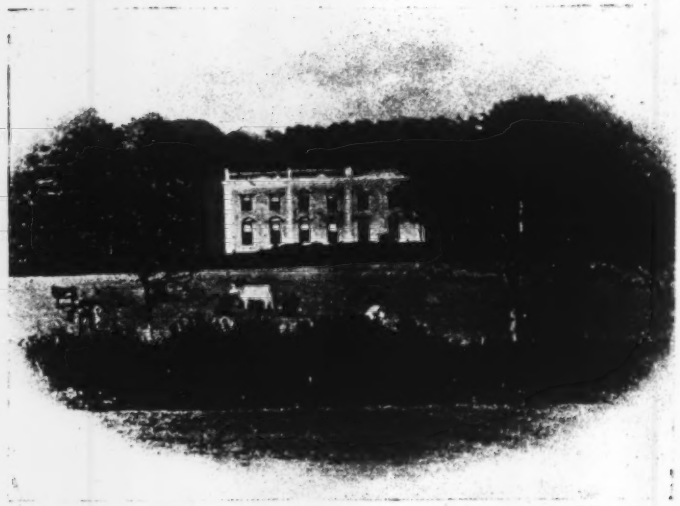
Among the features of the *Century* during the coming year will be accounts of inventions by the inventors themselves. The circumstances under which the inventions were made will be described. George Westinghouse will write of his air-brake; Charles F. Bush will write of the arc-light; Frank J. Spague will describe electric traction, and Nikola Tesla will tell the story of the transmission of power.

Photo, Russell & Sons. **Mr. J. A. Hammerton.**

A review of whose novel, "The Call of the Town," appears on another page.

Photo, Home Crawford. **Professor Nichol Smith.**

Editor of "Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare," newly elected to the chair of English at the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.



The Present Residence of Sir Lewis Morris.

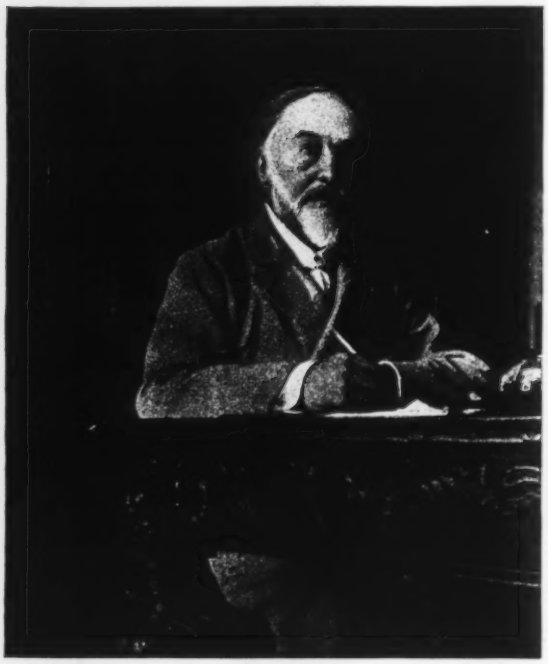
Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 20TH, 1904.

At the time this report is in the hands of our readers we may be said to be in the full swing of the autumn season, and without aspiring to assume the prophetic rôle we may safely say with a fair amount of confidence that the trade thus far transacted has every appearance of being but the first fruits of a successful period. The demand has very materially strengthened, whilst the output bids fair to establish a record. As far as the wholesale houses are concerned a strenuous time is apparent.

Several of the recently published biographies have been of an attractive nature, and one of the most successful has been the production entitled "After Work," from the pen of Mr. Edward Marston—a book interesting alike from its excellent reception and on account of the personality of its author. "The Career of Emile Zola," by E. A. Vizetelly, has attracted many purchasers, whilst the more recent "Recollections by Princess Radziwell" and the "Life of Edna Lyall," although appearing somewhat toward the end of the month under review, have secured many purchasers.



Mr. Frederic Harrison.

A review of whose historical romance, "Theophano," appears on another page.

The output of six shilling fiction has again attained "prodigious" proportions, and the sales have also been correspondingly increased. A number of our most prominent authors have had their works early upon the market, and have already scored a considerable amount of success. The sales in this line, however, have not been confined to a limited circle, and space forbids the chronicling of all that have sold well. Amongst those to which it is necessary to call special attention are "God's Good Man," "A Ladder of Swords," "John Chilcote, M.P.," "Kate of Kate Hall," "The Abbess of Vlaye," "Traffics and Discoveries," "Beatrice of Venice," "At the Moorings," "Double Harness," and "Hearts in Exile," whilst orders are freely being booked for the forthcoming "The Prodigal Son," by Hall Caine. Many other items, several of which have been previously noted in these reports, have helped to form large and satisfactory sales.

Much attention has been directed to the issue of another trenchant volume by Mr. E. Morel, entitled "King Leopold's Rule in Africa."

After a somewhat lengthy interval, too lengthy to suit his appreciative readers, Mr. Coulson Kernahan has again issued one of his telling booklets, and to those who remember the immense success attendant upon "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," and "God and the Ant," it will be superfluous to state that his latest production, "The Face Beyond the Door," has been one of the most prominent items of the month.

The school season now ended has proved a fairly remunerative one, and certainly an improvement on those of recent years.

"The Psalms in Human Life," by R. E. Prothero, issued in a cheaper edition, has been a free selling line.

The gift books for the young already before the public are many and varied. The most sumptuous production is undoubtedly "King Arthur's Wood," by Mrs. E. Stanhope Forbes. Messrs. Tuck and Messrs. Nister's coloured volumes are always a feature of each successive year, and have already been freely stocked by the trade. The absurdly grotesque so prevalent a few years ago has quite disappeared, and the many volumes for the delectation of juveniles have considerably improved in design and production.

Gift books and prizes from one shilling to six shillings have commenced to circulate freely, and it is only when those issued in earlier years are compared with the most recent productions that the immense strides made in this portion of the book world become fully apparent.

It may be noted that Mr. Henty is still represented in this season's output.

Gordon's "Quiet Talks on Power" has continued to be very attractive, whilst a companion volume by the same author, entitled "Quiet Talks on Prayer," bids fair to be equally successful.

Mark Rutherford's works have again sold very freely.

A considerable falling off is noticeable in the demand for sixpenny reprints.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
A Ladder of Swords. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
John Chilcote, M.P. By K. C. Thurston. (W. Blackwood.)
Kate of Kate Hall. By Ellen T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.)
Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
The Abbess of Vlaye. By S. J. Weyman. (Longmans.)
At the Moorings. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
The Last Hope. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Tommy and Co. By J. K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)
The Loves of Miss Anne. By S. R. Crockett. (J. Clarke.)
The Garden of Allah. By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.)

King Leopold's Rule in Africa. By E. Morel. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
After Work. By E. Marston. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)
Emile Zola. By E. A. Vizetelly. 21s. net. (Lane.)
My Recollections. By Princess Radziwell. 16s. (Isbister.)
The Face Beyond the Door. By C. Kernahan. 1s. and 2s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Psalms in Human Life. By R. E. Prothero. 5s. net. (J. Murray.)
Nister's and Tuck's Coloured Children's Books.
Gift Books for the Young. (Blackie, Nelson, Chambers and others.)
Mark Rutherford's Works. 5 vols. Each 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Japan by the Japanese. By Various Authors. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)
Ideals of Science and Faith. 5s. net. (G. Allen.)
Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Quiet Talks on Prayer. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Queer Things about Japan. By D. Sladen. 7s. 6d. net. (Treherne.)
Theophano. By Frederic Harrison. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Annual Volumes and Almanacks.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending
Sept. 24—Much business in all departments.
Oct. 1—Increased activity in the home trade.
,, 8—Brisk in both home and export.
,, 15—Business well maintained. A good week.

(2) SCOTLAND.

SEPTEMBER 19TH TO OCTOBER 18TH, 1904.

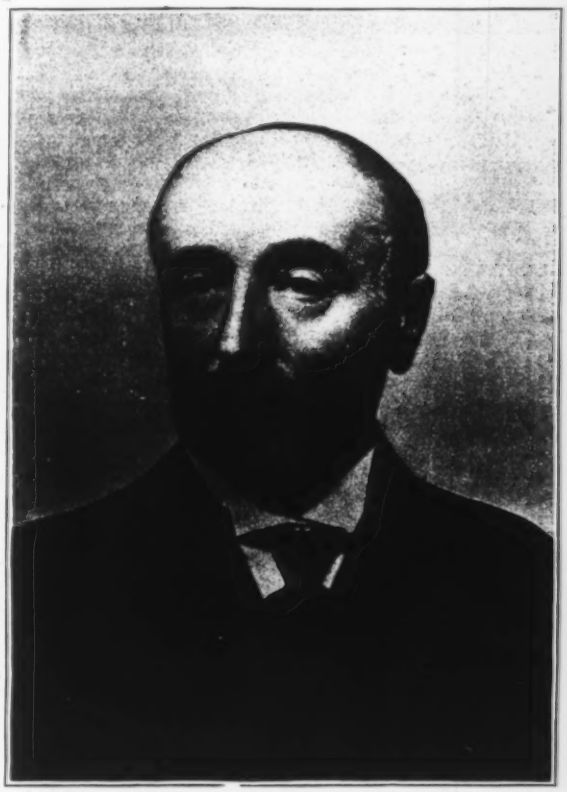
The chief publishing season brought with it a remarkable output of works of fiction, and many of these by the first writers of the day. Undoubtedly the efforts of comparatively unknown authors fared badly in consequence, and did not receive the attention which perhaps they merited. This, of course, was to be regretted, but it was felt on all hands that the supply was out of all proportion to the demand, although there was a more hopeful tone prevalent in view of the autumn trade generally.

The following eight six-shilling novels appeared prominently in orders received:—"God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli; "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope; "Hearts in Exile," by John Oxenham; "Kate of Kate Hall," by Mr. and Mrs. Felkin; "The Last Hope," by H. S. Merriman; "John Chilcote, M.P.," by Mrs. Thurston; "Beatrice of Venice," by Max Pemberton; and "Traffics and Discoveries," by R. Kipling.

The great Free Church property case claimed public attention, and gained in general interest with every attempt made to effect a settlement. The various accounts of the legal decision still continued much in request, and not the least effective in setting forth the position of the United Free Church was that written by Mr. Hector Macpherson, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. In this connection we should mention the success obtained for the first number of "The United Free Church Magazine," with its special article on the ecclesiastical situation, by Dr. Marcus Dods.

The decline in the sales of sixpenny reprints of popular works was noticeable, but the most successful of these was probably "A Short History of Our Own Times," by Justin McCarthy.

For the many attractive religious books announced for early publication good orders were taken, and for the following already issued there was found a ready sale:—Prothero's "The Psalms in Human Life," cheap edition; Gordon's "Quiet Talks on Prayer," and the same author's companion volume, "Quiet Talks on Power." Any book dealing with Russia obtained interested readers, especially in the libraries, and for the



A New Portrait of Sir Lewis Morris.

(Reproduced from the fifteenth edition of the poems, by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

new edition of Douglas Sladen's well-known book, "Queer Things about Japan," there were ready purchasers.

It was particularly gratifying to notice the increased sales of "The World's Classics," Heinemann's "Favourite Classics," Ruskin's works in pocket form, and Mark Rutherford's works.

One of the most successful books of the month was Filson Young's "Complete Motorist," claiming to be an authoritative work on the construction and maintenance of the motor car.

Our list of best selling books is as follows:—

Six Shilling Novels.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Last Hope. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Hearts in Exile. By J. Oxenham. (Hodder.)
Kate of Kate Hall. By Mr. and Mrs. Felkin. (Hutchinson.)
Double Harness. By A. Hope. (Hutchinson.)
Love Decides. By C. Garvice. (Hutchinson.)
Traffics and Discoveries. By R. Kipling. (Macmillan.)
John Chilcote, M.P. By Mrs. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
The Loves of Miss Anne. By S. R. Crockett. (Clarke.)
The Food of the Gods. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
At the Moorings. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Capricious Caroline. By E. M. Albanesi. (Methuen.)
Garden of Allah. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)

Miscellaneous.

The Complete Motorist. By A. B. Filson Young. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
Prothero's Psalms in Human Life. 5s. net. (Murray.)
Quiet Talks on Prayer. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Books and How to Read Them. By H. Macpherson. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
Queer Things about Japan. By D. Sladen. 7s. 6d. net. (Treherne.)
History of Our Own Times. By J. McCarthy. 6d. (Chatto.)
Tamaté. By R. Lovett. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society.)
Cassell's Pocket Edition of R. L. Stevenson's Works. 2s. net and 3s. net.
The World's Classics. 1s. net and 2s. net. (Richards.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

NOVEMBER 7—DECEMBER 2.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

November 7th.

LE FEUVRE, AMY.—His Little Daughter, 1s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)

November 8th

SWINBURNE, A. C.—Collected Poems, Vol. IV., 6s. net (Chatto)
OUIDA.—Two Little Wooden Shoes. Cheap Edition, 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net ..... (Chatto)
STEVENSON, R. L.—Memories and Portraits, 2s. net, 3s. net (Chatto)

November 10th.

BARING GOULD, S.—Siegfried. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. ..... (Dean and Son)
GREENIDGE, A. H. J.—A History of Rome, 12s. 6d. net (Methuen)
BOND, R. W., Editor.—The Taming of the Shrew, Arden Edition, 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
GUINEY, MISS L. I.—Hurrell Frowde, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
TREVELYAN, G. M.—England Under the Stuarts, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
Millais (Little Galleries), 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CROUCH, W.—Bryan King, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DICKENSON, EMILY.—Poems, 4s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
HEATH, DUDLEY.—Miniatures (Connoisseurs' Library), 25s. net (Methuen)
SETTLE, J. H. (Compiler).—Anecdotes of Soldiers, 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
HORNIMAN, ROY.—Bellamy, The Magnificent, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
HOFFMANN, PROF.—King Koko, 1s. net ..... (Chatto)
HOME, ALICE JANE.—Sybil Garth, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)

November 11th.

BARTON, ROSE (Painter).—Familiar London, 20s. net (A. and C. Black)
DUTT, W. A.—The King's Homeland. Illustrated by Gordon Home. 10s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

November 12th.

WARD, ANNA L.—Dictionary of Prose Quotations, 2s. 6d. net (Dean and Son)
ARMSTRONG, SIR WALTER.—The Peel Collection and the Dutch School of Painters, 5s. net, 7s. net ..... (Seeley)
MARSHALL, BEATRICE.—The Queen's Knight Errant, 5s. (Seeley)

November 15th.

GOULD, F. C.—Political Caricatures, 6s. net ... (Edward Arnold)
WEISMANN, A.—The Evolution Theory. 2 Vols. Translated by Prof. A. Thomson. 32s. net ..... (Edward Arnold)
MELDOLA, R.—Chemical Synthesis of Vital Products, 21s. net (Edward Arnold)
DENT, E. J.—Alessandro Scarlatti ..... (Edward Arnold)
PENN, WM.—Some Fruits of Solitude, 2s. net ... (Dean and Son)
THACKERAY, W. M.—Letters to a Young Man About Town, 2s. net ..... (Dean and Son)
FENELON, ARCHBISHOP.—Golden Thoughts, 2s. net (Dean and Son)

November 17th.

DE LISLE, FORTUNÉE.—Burne Jones (Books on Art), 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—Timon of Athens. Troilus and Cressida. Quarto Edition. 1s. net each ..... (Methuen)
ROBERTSON, C. GRANT.—Select Statutes, Cases and Constitutional Documents, Royal and Historical, 10s. 6d. net (Methuen)
REDFERN, W. B.—Gloves and Ancient Shoes, 42s. net (Methuen)
RANNIE, D. W., M.A.—A Student's History of Scotland, 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
MEADE, L. T.—Cave Perilous, 2s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
STRETTON, HESBA.—Cobwebs and Cables. New Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Religious Tract Society)

November 21st.

"GIDEON WURDZ."—The Foolish Dictionary, 3s. 6d. net (Dean and Son)
SWINBURNE, A. C.—Collected Poems. Vol. V. 6s. net (Chatto)
READE, CHARLES.—The Wandering Heir, 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net (Chatto)
COLLINS, WILKIE.—The Frozen Deep, 1s. net, 1s. 6d. net (Chatto)

December 1st

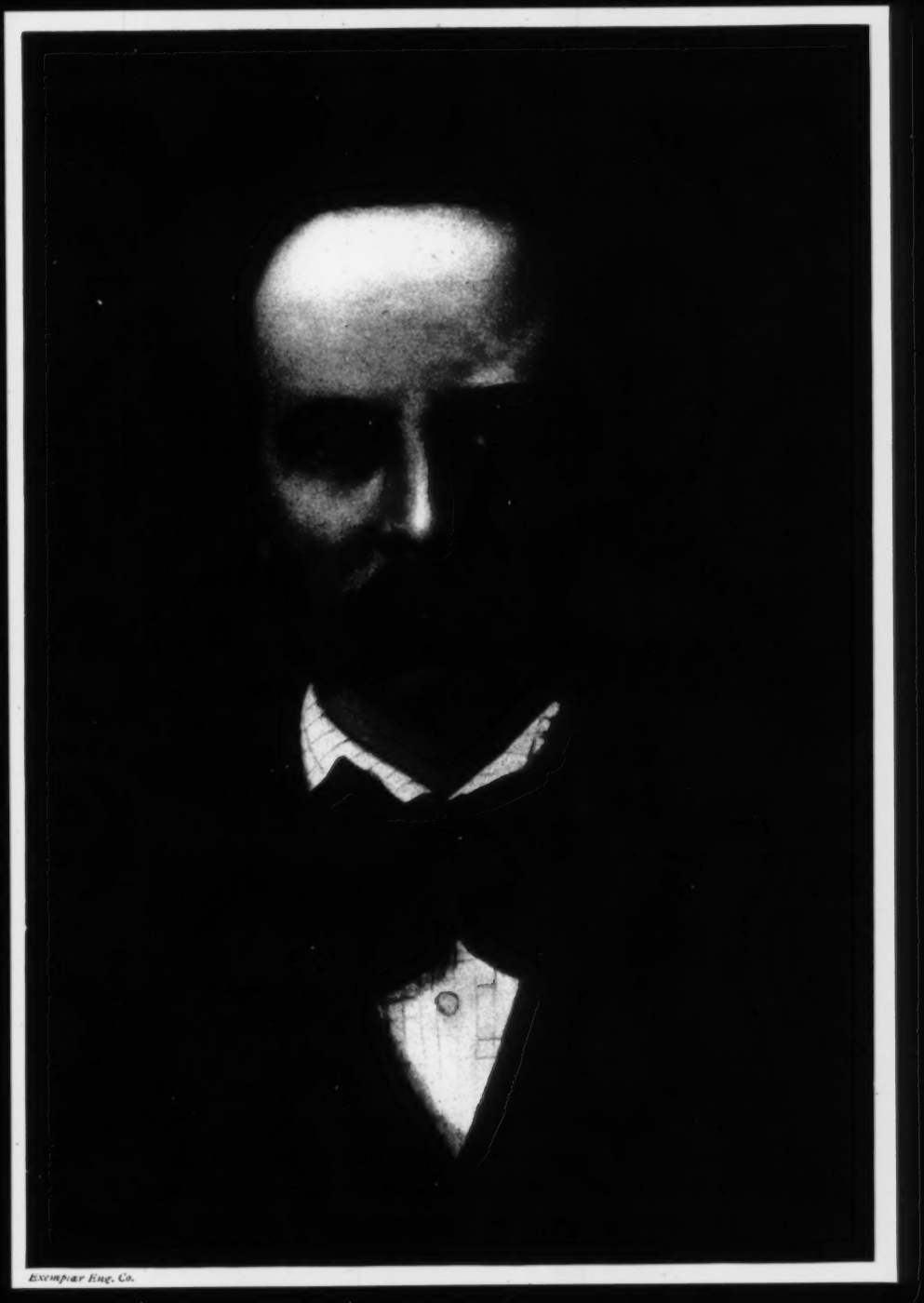
MITTON, G. E. (Editor).—Who's Who Year Book, 1905, 1s. net (A. and C. Black)
Who's Who, 1905, 7s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
JANES, EMILY (Editor).—Englishwoman's Year Book, 1905, 2s. 6d. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

December 2nd.

MENPES, MORTIMER AND DOROTHY.—Paris Painted, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

During the Month, Dates Uncertain.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Poems. New Century Library. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. ..... (Nelson)
BRONTË SISTERS.—Works. N. C. Library. 2s. ..... (Nelson)
HAYDON, A. L.—Canada: Britain's Largest Colony, 2s. 6d. (Cassell)
GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—Fifty Years of Public Service. 18s. net ..... (Cassell)
CONWAY, MONCURE.—Autobiography, 30s. net ..... (Cassell)
KEARTON, R., F.Z.S.—The Adventures of Cock Robin and His Mate, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
TREVES, SIR FREDERICK, K.C.V.O.—The Other Side of the Lantern, 12s. net ..... (Cassell)
McCAUL, ETHEL.—Under the Care of the Japanese War Office, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
MILES, EUSTACE (Editor).—Cassell's Physical Educator, 9s. (Cassell)
LOW, SIDNEY J., AND PROF. F. S. PULLING (Editors).—The Dictionary of English History. New Edition. 7s. 6d. (Cassell)
FREMANTLE, ADMIRAL SIR E. R., C.M.G.—"The Navy as I Have Known It," 16s. net ..... (Cassell)
PANTINI, DR. R.—G. F. Watts, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
BELL, MRS. ARTHUR.—Tintoretto, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
BELL, MALCOLM.—Titian. Newnes' Art Library, 3s. 6d. net (Newnes)
WOOD, T. MARTIN.—Burne Jones, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
BALDING, A. LYS.—Holbein, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
SINGER, DR. HANS.—Albrecht Dürer. Drawings by Great Masters. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
COOK, CAPTAIN.—Voyages, 3s. net, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Newnes)
MURRAY, A. H. HALLAM; NEVINSON, H. W.; CARMICHAEL, M.—On the Old Road Through France to Florence, 21s. net, and 42s. net ..... (John Murray)
TROTTER, CAPT. L. J.—Life of J. Trotter, 2s. 6d. (J. Murray)
CROPPER, ELEANOR.—In the Straits of Hope, 6s. (J. Murray)
PIERSON, CLARA D.—Tales of a Poultry Farm, 5s. (J. Murray)



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The Reader.

THE WRITINGS OF MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

By Ernest Rhys.

SIX years ago, this autumn, a bundle of proofs was sent to the present writer in North Wales, which proved to be a romance dealing in some of its most characteristic episodes with the Snowdon region. Now there are many reasons for being suspicious of novels written in English that attempt the Welsh illusion in any shape or form. They usually seek effects of local colour or everyday similitude, not to be got save by those who have been saturated from childhood in the stream of native associations. Luckily, here proved to be a story with a new pivot to its Welsh wheel; nothing less than a new use of the motive of a thousand old tales —the best the world has known—an all-powerful love-motive. By capturing a Welsh heroine far out of her Welsh surroundings and making his chief romance-figure fall in love with her, and—what is very essential —falling in love with her himself in the very process of describing her, this romancist solved the problem of the Welsh milieu in his own way. He had but to follow her back into Wales, and look at everything in his romance-prospect and his mountain-background over her shoulders, and he was saved the factitious business of manufacturing in detail as a modern gazetteer-novelist might a doubtful country like nothing in actual life. Find your emotional factor, create an atmosphere, and you are safe, if you have a love-story to tell. So it was with "Aylwin"; its Welsh heroine was the simple vehicle of all the Welsh mountain incident and scenic effect; the interest followed in her wake as naturally as the Heart of Midlothian followed Jeanie Deans to London. And yet, what the fate of this new romance would be six years ago it was not so easy to say. But the love-story made two readers at least within the skirts of Snowdon who read it then before publication, declare that it would surely be popular; and the London episodes, and the shadow of Rossetti, and the fundamental idea of the romance, based upon the sense of man the romance-weaver wondering at his environment in fate and time, made them venture a belief in more than the ordinary popular novel's lease—which every year seems indeed to grow shorter. And now, after six years, what does one find? the story in its twenty-something-or-so edition; and the prophet of six years ago rewarded by a handsomely exaggerated account of his invisible prelusive share in the adventure.

Photo Poole, Putney. **Sinfi Lovell, the Heroine of "Aylwin."**
From a Painting at "The Pines."
(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts Dunton.")

It is too late now to say anything fresh about the book, and it is better perhaps to range it with those other writings of Mr. Watts-Dunton, which discover his individual philosophy and the steps which led him by a rather unusual process from science and the laws of thought to the plane whence poetry and romance are alone able to view and reflect the world. The first acquaintance most of us made with the writings of Mr. Watts-Dunton—Theodore Watts as he was then—was in the famous "Athenæum" articles of about 1876 onwards. I remember a friend, a corn-miller of erudite tastes, the Miller of Wallnook, showing me one review in admiration, which was like no other review, certainly, to be read in the press currency. We may trace the same rich and fertile stream of original criticism — creative criticism—in many of the prose-writings which have since appeared over his own signature. It is to be found in his account of George Borrow, where his peculiar art of illumining and warming the literary commentary by reflections from life and human event is very freely indulged.

Take, for instance, the passage in which he tells us what he considers to be Borrow's particular niche in the House of Fame:

"Vital literature is that," he says, "into which the writer succeeds in pouring his own life-stream; therefore it depends upon two things — the inborn, unteachable capacity for literary

Photo Poole, Putney.

A Corner in "The Pines."

expression, and a fortunate selection of a congenial subject. If it is true, as has been said, that every man has got within him the making of one book, Borrow was one of the most fortunate of English writers. 'Zincali,' 'The Bible in Spain,' 'Lavengro,' the 'Romany Rye,' and 'Wild Wales' are portions of one book. This book is the literary portraiture of a man of singular temperament moving in the only atmosphere in which he was fitted to move; it is also a picture of the outdoor life of England before she succumbed to cosmopolitanism and before she was entirely vulgarised by wealth-worship. Therefore it seems safe to prophesy that whatsoever books of the Victorian epoch are smothered and lost beneath the ever-accumulating mass of English literature, Borrow's writings will be remembered. At that period—before the railways had cut England into a series of iron-bordered lozenges and squares—the meadows and dingles, notwithstanding the uncertainty of the English climate, were a Paradise for the nomad. . . ."

Here one breaks off to notice, before the discussion of Borrow has moved on to fresh questions of his temperamental attitude, that his biographer and critic, unlike him as possible in many ways, has in common with him both his open-air spirit and his vitality. In those old "Athenæum" articles, one was delighted not only because of their evidence of the knowledge that is behind knowledge, but because, as was said, of their having, with all their literary amplitude, a rich transfusion of life and vital first-hand human and intellectual experience. One might not accept their judgment, one might quarrel with the reviewer, but never on the ground of his being mechanical or irresponsible. Vivid and vital, and sure of himself, he breathed a larger air than that of the mere coteries; he spoke from the centre. Let it be added, that the whisper of his relations with Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the P.R.B., as it reached us in those days, lent just that sufficient sense of the group around and about the individual, which was needed to complete the imaginary portrait, and give it a setting. There were certain reviews, dealing with a new volume perhaps of Browning's or of Mr. Swinburne's, or of some promising galaxy of younger poets, which gave any further particularity required by the picture. Certain sonnets again appearing intermittently at the same period brought the evidence of a unique poetic faculty in the same writer. Some of these poems have been collected now and printed in "The Coming of Love" volume; and if you turn there for a single conclusive example, take the sonnet entitled "John the Pilgrim" (which has been chosen for illustration by Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.)—one of the most imaginatively impressive, and at the same time one of the most perfectly contrived and balanced, sonnets in the language.

"Beneath the sand-storm John the Pilgrim prays;
But when he rises, lo! an Eden smiles,
Green leafy slopes, meadows of chamomiles,
Claspt in a silvery river's winding maze:
'Water, water! Blessed be God!' he says,
And totters gasping toward those happy isles.
Then all is fled! Over the sandy piles
The bald-eyed vultures come and stand at gaze.

'God heard me not,' says he, 'blessèd be God!'
And dies. But as he nears the pearly strand,
Heav'n's outer coast where waiting angels stand,
He looks below: 'Farewell, thou hooded clod,
Brown corpse the vultures tear on bloody sand:
God heard my prayer for life—blessed be God!'"

Mme. Galimberti, writing in the "Rivista d'Italia," traced a sort of poetic pedigree formerly for the sonnet-teer and poet from Keats and Shelley, but one would be inclined to name Coleridge, rather than they, rather than any other English poet, as his master in the poetic art and in the management of a verse romantic and variously rhythmical. However that may be, it is impossible to resume even briefly in so general a recast as this must be, the endless debate suggested by his own theory, and his apparently wilful practice of poetry.

Photo Poole, Putney. **A Corner in "The Pines," showing the Painted and Carved Cabinet.**

(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

It is sufficient to relate a man's practice in verse to his practice in imaginative prose, when he uses both with individuality and freedom of style; and to look for a passage or passages illustrating the contact of the two. As it happens, there is a very curious and idiosyncratic passage or so, to be found in the previously cancelled pages restored to the later editions of "Aylwin," which complements prose with verse, in the rally of philosophy to the service and the explanation of romance. A passage particularly interesting, too, because it seems to show a disposition in this romancist, who commenced scientist, physician, metaphysician, to graft philosophy upon a stem which it has often split or broken in the end. The two sonnets there introduced are entitled "The Bedouin Child," and they deal with the strange feeling among the Bedouins about girl children. Among these Bedouins a daughter is considered a disgrace.

"Ilyàs the prophet, lingering 'neath the moon,
Heard from a tent a child's heart-withering wail,
Mixt with the message of the nightingale,
And, entering, found, sunk in mysterious swoon,
A little maiden dreaming there alone.
She babbled of her father sitting pale
'Neath wings of Death—'mid sights of sorrow and bale,
And pleaded for his life in piteous tone.
'Poor child, plead on,' the succouring prophet saith,
While she, with eager lips, like one who tries
To kiss a dream, stretches her arms and cries
To Heaven for help—'Plead on; such pure love-breath,
Reaching the Throne, might stay the wings of Death
That, in the Desert, fan thy father's eyes.'

The drouth-slain camels lie on every hand;
Seven sons await the morning vultures' claws;
'Mid empty water-skins and camel maws
The father sits, the last of all the band.
He mutters, drowsing o'er the moonlit sand,
'Sleep fans my brow: sleep makes us all pashas;
Or, if the wings are Death's, why Azraeel draws
A childless father from an empty land.'
'Nay,' saith a Voice, 'the wind of Azraeel's wings
A child's sweet breath has stilled: so God decrees:'
A camel's bell comes tinkling on the breeze,
Filling the Bedouin's brain with bubble of springs
And scent of flowers and shadow of wavering trees
Where, from a tent, a little maiden sings."

"Between this reading of Nature, which makes her but 'the superficial film' of the immensity of God, and that which finds a mystic heart of love and beauty beating within the bosom of Nature herself, I know no real difference. Sufism, in some form or another, could not possibly be confined to Asia. The Greeks, though strangers to the mystic element of that Beauty-worship which in Asia became afterwards sufism, could not have exhibited a passion for concrete beauty such as theirs without feeling that, deeper than Tartarus, stronger than Destiny and Death, the great heart of Nature is beating to the tune of universal love and beauty."

The restoring of this passage with its reference to sufism—one too cryptic by far for the page of any but a romance defying all the current rules of the fashionable novelist—is very characteristic of Mr. Watts-Dunton's attitude to his work. It represents in him that kind of perversity which may come of a long preoccupation with the organic business and the physical apparatus of the world. For if he tells his tale on occasion like the raconteur who cares only to get it well told, at other times he pauses for fear that the reader should not understand the whole drift of what he has been driving at. There we see the philosopher supervening upon the tale-teller; and those who care for the tale and nothing but the tale, naturally resent it, in spite of the eloquence with which the interruption is accompanied. On the other side, those who think of mere narrative as an idle thing, and care for the spirit more than the letter of a book, are reassured by these philosophical "asides"; and so the equipoise of the two interests of the big public and of the elect is maintained.

Moreover, this reminder of the man behind the book,

or rather of the philosophical critic behind the romancist, greatly increases one's intellectual faith in the human fable he unfolds. Freely confirmed in that faith, as one is in the pages of "Aylwin," one is driven by it back at last upon the paradox that after all, despite Dumas and the gay and brilliant adventurers in fiction who omit the soul from the saga, the best romance is that which breaks the rules of the mere game of romance, and grows meditative, mysterious, philosophical.

Mme. Galimberti says of "Aylwin," after speaking of its plot and technique, that the value of the book does not lie there, but in the materials of metaphysical thought it contains—for which, she adds, northern minds are very much inclined. And a moment later, she marks with the precision of the Latin mind the philosophical novelist's error of imposing upon his characters the speculations which are the author's own ideas, and have no dramatic propriety when so deported via the people of the story or play. But a recollection of what our romancist's other-self, who wrote on these very questions in his article on Poetry in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," has said about the distinction between dramatic and epic methods and the necessary limits of both, may affect this criticism. In that omniscient famous article, its writer anticipates the whole point at issue by his discrimination of the permissible liberties of the epic poet (who for our purposes here becomes the prose romancer), or the advantages of a chorus in romantic drama (and for our purposes this romancer may be said to become on occasion his own chorus).

"If in epic," he says, "the poet has the power to take the imagination of his audience away from the dramatic centre, and show what is going on at the other end of the great web of the world, he can do the same thing in drama by the chorus, and also by the introduction into the dramatic circle of messengers and others from the outside world. But, as regards epic poetry, is it right that we should hear, as we sometimes do hear, the voice of the poet himself as chorus bidding us contrast the present picture with other pictures afar off, in order to enforce its teaching and illustrate its pathos? This is a favourite method with modern poets, and a still more favourite one with prose narrators. Does it not give an air of self-consciousness to poetry? Does it not disturb the intensity of the poetic vision? Yet it has the sanction of Homer; and who shall dare to challenge the methods of the great father of epic? An instance occurs in *Iliad* v. 158, where, in the midst of all the stress of fight, the poet leaves the dramatic action to tell us what became of the inheritance of Phænops, after his two sons had been slain by Diomedes. Another instance occurs in iii. 243-4, where the poet, after Helen's pathetic mention of her brothers, comments on the causes of their absence, 'criticises life' in the approved modern way, generalises upon the impotence of human intelligence—the impotence even of human love—to pierce the darkness in which the web of human fate is woven."

Photo Poole, Putney.

"The Pines."

By Mr. Herbert Railton.

(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

But writing on a mountain-side within hail of Snowdon, one is tempted to leave these Homeric matters of criticism, and to turn back to the delights of the "Children of the Open Air," which Homer, blind or not, one or many, knew too. The mountain breath and the forest airs, wherever they blow upon literature, still prove wonderful kindlers of the imagination. And very freshly they kindle their congenial fire in many pages of the "Coming of Love," and of the prose-romance, which is a part of it. One more page from both these books, to show this effect, may be permitted before turning to ask a final question of their author. The first is the "Wood-Haunter's Dream"—

"The wild things loved me, but a wood sprite said:
'Though meads are sweet when flowers at morn uncurl,
And woods are sweet with nightingale and merle,
Where are the dreams that flush'd thy childish bed,
The spirit of the Rainbow thou would'st wed!'
I rose, I found her—found a rain drench'd girl,
Whose eyes of azure and limbs like roseate pearl
Coloured the rain above her golden head.

But when I stood by that sweet vision's side,
I saw no more the Rainbow's lovely stains;
To her by whom the glowing heavens were dyed,
The sun showed naught but dripping woods and plains:
'God gives the world the Rainbow; her the rains,'
The wood sprite laugh'd, 'Our seeker finds a bride.'"

The second comes from the earlier pages, which describe the romantic quest for the lost girl:—

"All round the pool there was a narrow ragged ledge leading to this eastern opening. I stood concealed in my crevice and looked at the peaks, or rather at the vast masses of billowy vapours enveloping them, as they sometimes boiled and sometimes blazed, shaking—when the sun struck one and then another—from brilliant amethyst to vermilion, shot occasionally with purple, or gold, or blue.

"A radiance now came pouring through the eastern opening down the gorge or cwm itself, and soon the light vapours floating about the pool were turned to sailing gauzes, all quivering with different dyes, as though a rainbow had become torn from the sky and woven into gossamer hangings and set adrift. . . ."

". . . . Then I felt coming over me strange influences which afterwards became familiar to me—influences which I can only call the spells of Snowdon. They were far more intense than those strange, sweet, wild, mesmeric throbs which I used to feel in Graylingham Wood, and which my ancestress, Fenella Stanley, seems also to have known, but they were akin to them. Then came the sound of Sinfi's crwth and song, and in the distance repetitions of it, as though the spirits of Snowdon were, in very truth, joining in a chorus. . . ."

Originally, when reading these very pages, I remember thinking how daring it was to make such free use, not of the spirits of Snowdon, but of Sinfi Lovell and her Gypsy kindred in a modern story of the district. But within two days a fellow wayfarer and I met a party of Gypsies who encamped that night not far from Aber Glen, and whose women-folk had wit, wild grace, and good looks enough, certainly, to pass for Sinfi's sisters. They gave one a curious sense of the immense romantic availability of this region where the races of the east, Gypsy and Celtic, met again, and where indeed the fine improbabilities of the romancer were still possible. That is a sense which anyone of romantic temper who tarries long under the shadow of Snowdon will get, with or without a Gypsy interlude to help him; and it is that which prompts the decisive question, already referred to, of—How long is Mr. Watts-Dunton going to keep us waiting for his next romance? He has—it is certain he has—one all-but complete, which returns to more than one of his favourite regions, east and west. He owes it to us, and we wait it with the more curiosity because of the fuller solution it may offer of the problems, artistic and intellectual, stated by his other imaginative work, and because of its new effect on our accepted notions regarding his writings in every kind—critical or creative, scientific or phantastic. Meanwhile, Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book will give us a standpoint, no doubt, whence all we remember or have half forgotten of the writings of twenty to thirty years ago, will fall naturally into perspective with those of the later period and help them to assume perhaps something of the unity which their author finds in the work of George Borrow.

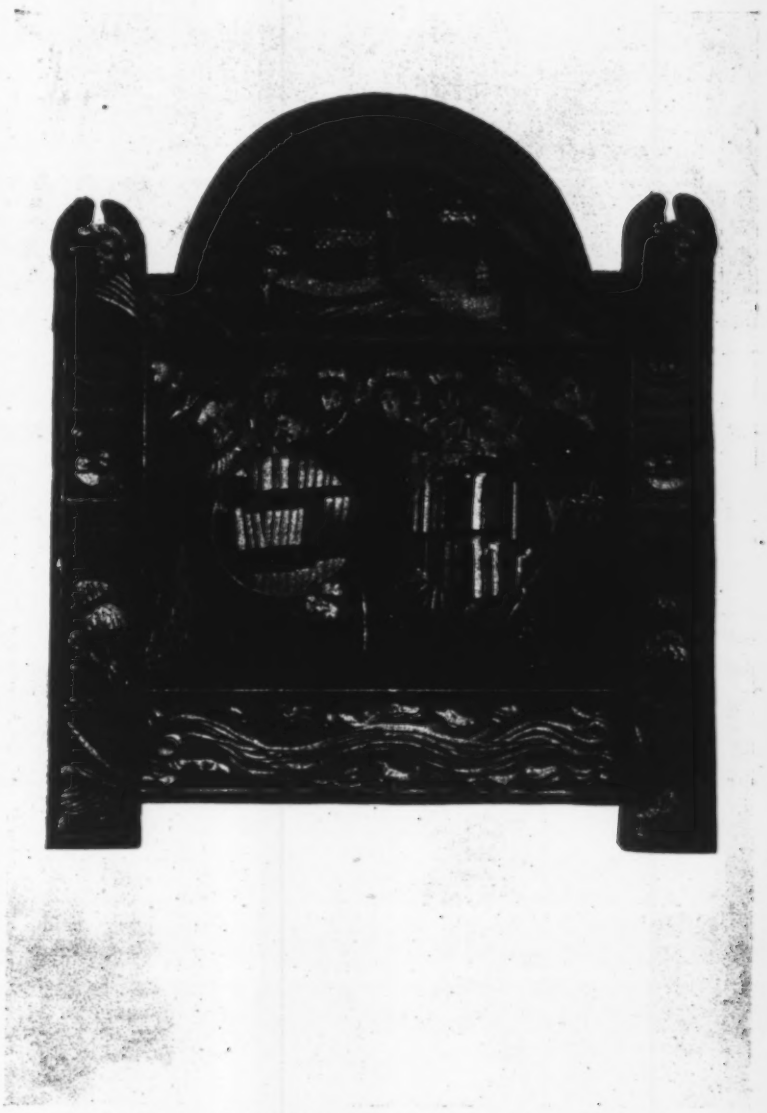


Photo Poole, Putney. **One of the Carved Mirrors at "The Pines."**
Decorated with Dunn's copy of the lost Rossetti Frescoes at the Oxford Union.

Photo Poole, Putney. **"The Thicket," St. Ives.**

Water-Colour by Fraser at "The Pines."
(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

THE STORY OF "THE PRODIGAL SON."

HOW IT CAME TO BE WRITTEN; WITH SOME SCENES FROM THE LITERARY WORKSHOP.

By J. E. Hodder Williams.

THIS is not a review of Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son." It is rather the story of a story, of the why, the how, the wherefore of its writing.

If any excuse be needed for such an article it is surely provided in the fact that in a few days "The Prodigal Son" will appear simultaneously in at least six different languages, that it will be the most widely talked of, the most widely discussed novel of the year, probably for many years. Some account of the origin and genesis of such a novel, of the incidents and thoughts which inspired it, of the changes it passed through in course of its preparation, of the *motif* which underlies it, cannot fail to be of interest.

If I am able to write in this manner it is by virtue of my friendship with the author, my knowledge of what he has been doing during the past two years, and my familiarity with his methods and his ideals. But, although I have asked Mr. Hall Caine for his permission to write fully of these matters, to make use of various letters I have received from him, and of conversations I have had with him, it will, of course, be clearly understood that for any opinions expressed on the subject matter of the novel I alone am in any way responsible.

Mr. Hall Caine is first and foremost a teller of tales; for him the plot's the thing. Let there be no misunderstanding. "The Prodigal Son" is no problem novel; it needs no glossary, no commentary, no key. It is a simple story—simple as the history of the prodigal as told in the most beautiful, and, in some ways the most perplexing, story in the world. It tells of the mighty simplicities of life and duty, of sin and suffering, of justice and mercy, of death and judgment. Written from the heart it speaks to the universal heart of man, speaks first as a story, holding, swaying, rending the emotions. But to such as have ears to hear there is a parable behind every true and honest story. And whatever you may think of "The Prodigal Son" you will never doubt its reality. It is lived.

Mr. Hall Caine has long wished to write a story on the basis of the parable of "The Prodigal Son." It may be thought that he had done so in some measure in his early great success, "The Deemster," but he has taken the view that in that novel he dealt with one aspect of the parable only, that which concerned the father in relation to the son. A good father spoils a son by over-indulgence, and son and father both pay the fearful penalty. The "Deemster" can hardly be said to go farther than that. The deeper problems of the parable are not there—God's way with man, and man's relation to the inexorable laws of nature, the justice or injustice of the mercy extended to the prodigal, and the lessons of life and death.

About two years ago, Mr. Hall Caine decided, greatly daring, to write another story of the prodigal on purely human lines, intending to show not what happened to the penitent prodigal in heaven—for to Mr. Hall Caine the Biblical story is not of the life that now is, but of the heavenly family and the divine mercy—but what happens to the real-life prodigal on earth. He drafted his scheme at the beginning of 1903. A hint for his plot came to him from a stranger. A popular novelist

Photo Poole, Putney.

Henry Aylwin and Winifred under the Cliff.

From an Oil Painting at "The Pines."

(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

receives many letters from unknown correspondents, and one that came from a Russian Jewish lady told a tragic story of how in a remote part of Russia a prodigal son returning in disguise, and after many years, to the home he had laid waste, was robbed and murdered by his own brother. This incident took such hold of Mr. Hall Caine's mind that he straightway wrote a one-act play to embody it. The little play still exists, and to such of us as have read it is one of the most terrible dramas that has ever been written—an opinion which I think Mr. Tree and other better judges than I can be would readily endorse. It is *too* terrible, of course, absolutely impossible for the stage, for no audience could or would endure it. I think the author would agree with that view now, though naturally he resisted it at first, and almost prevailed upon the manager of His Majesty's Theatre to produce the little play. Fortunately, both for himself and for the public, Mr. Tree refused at the last moment. The result of that refusal was the novel "The Prodigal Son."

Mr. Hall Caine was engrossed by this tragedy, and one day spoke of his plot to his friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, who said: "Of course, you know where you got the idea from?" "From the letter of the Jewish lady," said the novelist. "But don't you remember that there is a play on the subject, 'The Fatal Curiosity,' by the author of 'George Barnwell'?" Mr. Watts-Dunton was right. The author of "Barnwell," with all its fustian, had indeed written a prodigal son drama, which almost deserved to be called great, and was great in idea at all events. It was practically the same story as that of the Russian tragedy in real life, except that it is a father who robs and kills his son. "The Fatal Curiosity" was produced by Henry Fielding, when he was manager at the Haymarket. The author of "Tom Jones" had an immense opinion of the play, and it so far justified his estimate as to achieve a fair success—so different was the temper of audiences in those days.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's first impression was that having been done once, and done well, the subject was not open for another treatment, but on looking up the old play, he discovered that the plot had not been invented by the dramatist, but founded on an incident in real life, and so he warmly encouraged his friend to go to work and turn the subject into a story. This Mr. Hall Caine set about doing, always remembering that its only value to him lay in the degree in which the incident could be utilised for the climax of the prodigal son story which he wished to write on the lines of the experience of the prodigals in the actual world of men and women, not of angels.

Towards July of 1903, Mr. Hall Caine had constructed his story, which was then much more elaborate than it is now, although its central purpose was the same—to make a picture of earthly justice based on the central idea that "the wages of sin is death."

It was then that, in conference with his friend, Iceland was selected as the scene of the story. The subject wanted a background of simple civilisation, and of almost naked nature. Moreover, the incident with which the book was intended to close, that of the slaying of the prodigal by the elder brother, required for its full possibility, not to speak of its inevitableness, a scene that should be at once remote and very near. Iceland seemed to answer to these conditions, Iceland, a country without roads or telegraphs, far enough away to be practically out of Europe, and yet living in an atmosphere of modern as well as ancient civilisation. So, having the plot ready, Mr. Hall Caine left for Iceland in August, 1903, for his "atmosphere and organic detail." He had been there fifteen years before, when he wrote "The Bondman," and he had always kept in touch with Iceland friends. Now he

confined himself to the particular aspects of Iceland life which he meant to deal with, going over and over the spots on which his action was to take place until he knew every street and path and house by heart. This work in Iceland was particularly pleasant and congenial to Mr. Hall Caine, for as a Manxman, he is to all intents and purposes an Icelander himself, the Isle of Man having been peopled mainly from Iceland, and its manners, customs, and ways of life being to this hour chiefly Icelandic.

If I were writing a review I should pause here to say that unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Hall Caine runs the risk of giving pain to some of his Icelandic friends from the very closeness of his picture of Iceland, and from the circumstance, perhaps the accident, that in the background of his story he has reflected the political agitation of the moment in that country, and that by some trick or failure of memory he has even used the names of living persons, and thus given his book the appearance of reflecting on the motives of Icelandic politicians—a thing which I am sure was no part of his intention.

The first draft of "The Prodigal Son" was begun during this visit, and became, indeed, a book in itself, running to about fifty thousand words in length, and carrying out the original scheme of the condemned one-act tragedy, a story in which the prodigal was destroyed by the elder brother whom he had wronged. An added touch of intensity came of the fact, borrowed from the Russian incident, that the elder brother did not know whom he had killed until after the deed was done and the body hidden away, and a further pang came of the circumstance, imagined by the novelist, that the mother of the prodigal, who had doted upon him, unwittingly prompted the elder brother to the crime.

Towards the beginning of this year, Mr. Hall Caine's health began to suffer severely from the nervous strain which he is too often putting upon it; but when he went off to the Engadine he carried his first draft of "The Prodigal Son" with him, satisfied that the general scheme was right, that he had given a truthful picture of what might and in a sense *ought* to happen to the wrongdoer.

As soon as he was well enough he began on the final version of his story. But before very long he came to a dead stand. He had finished, I think, nearly half of the book, when he announced to his friends that he could not go on with it, that he had relinquished his contract with the American theatrical manager who had agreed to produce a dramatised version of it, and that he was trying to postpone the dates arranged for serial publication. The reason was that the climax on which he had built his hopes would not do, and so the book as a whole would not do. However powerful as an incident, it was impossible as a novel, and so he could not go further. Therefore the book must stop altogether, and the play be given up.

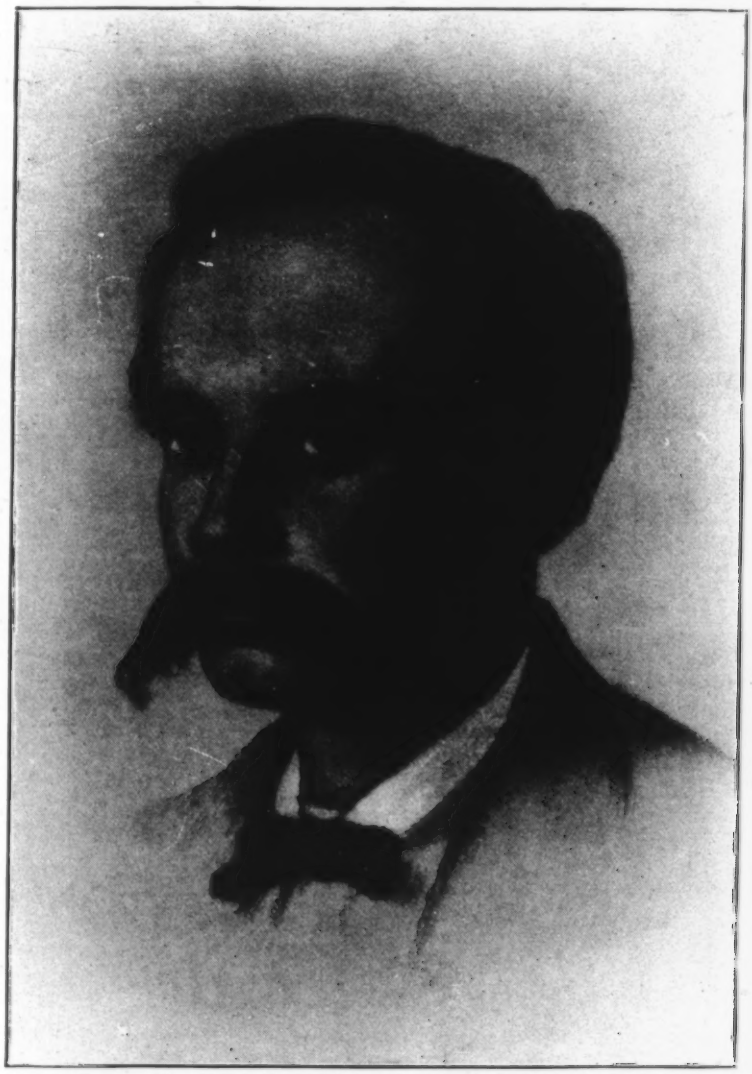
What was the cause of this? In the first place, there was the mere human pity of the novelist for his own characters. They had become real to him, and almost like life-long friends. As he went on with his work in detail he had become so fond of his prodigal that he could not lead him on to his death by murder. And he had come to sympathise so deeply with the elder brother that he could not face the necessity of loading him with the crime of fratricide. Then there was the godly mother of the boys, and their well-meaning father—it was too terrible to drag them into the dark vault of that frightful tragedy at the compulsion of even the strongest artistic purpose. More and higher than that, there was the growing uncertainty about the ethical rightness of the climax, and the increasing fear that a book with such an ending would be little short of immoral. The story of Cain and Abel was not a proper part of the prodigal son subject, which did not enter into it. That was a great and awful tragedy to be dealt with another time, perhaps, and in another way. If the elder brother killed the prodigal, the moral of the book would be either that God used the cruellest of all means to attain earthly justice, or that God did nothing, that heaven did not concern itself at all with what took place on earth, and that the only justice to be obtained here was by man smothering conscience and stifling religion and giving way to the convulsion of animal nature, just as a wild beast might do when fighting for its own existence and for food for its young.

Now this was so absolutely contrary to the doctrine of all Mr. Hall Caine's other books, which are based on the one fundamental conception that the judge of all the earth does right, that from the moment the author saw clearly which way his book was going he stopped. What was to be done? His publisher said, "Go on as you began. If you alter your end now you will spoil your book." He could not go on, and I gathered from the letters written at this period that he experienced about as bad a time of it as an imaginative writer with any sort of moral conscience can have.

A month must have passed, in which the story was at a stand, but in a sudden flash the author saw his way clear, and when we heard again "The Prodigal Son" was going on by leaps and bounds, with another end in view. The author had conceived of a new ending, the most obvious ending, the right ending. The basis of the prodigal son story adapted to the facts of life was still "the wages of sin is death"; but, instead of death by the hand of the injured man, the elder brother, it was death by the hand of God. That was the difference, but it altered, and I am bound to say it transfigured, everything.

In the earlier draft the prodigal paid for his sins by death, and when death by murder at the hands of his own brother was removed, a very material deduction was indeed made from the thrill and intensity of the book as a dramatic creation, but something much deeper and of more general experience was put in its place. The prodigal in the earliest stages of his downward course had taken the love of the heroine from his elder brother, and then brought her down to sorrow and death. He had married her out of a mistaken sense of duty, knowing that he loved her sister. Like Shelley, he had taken his wife's sister with his bride on the honeymoon, and thus thrown himself in the way of temptation. When the disaster befell he had, like Rossetti, buried his

compositions and his ambition (he is a musical composer) in the grave of his wife as the expression of his remorse, and then he had allowed them to be exhumed at the call of vanity and love of the other woman. He had left his infant child behind him when the crisis came, and had to fly from his country. But when the hour of his penitence struck, and the prodigal was going back home to make amends, he imagined that he could recover his daughter, and comfort himself with her society and love. This is where his cross comes, the substitute in the published story for the death penalty of the original draft. The prodigal is made to realise that happiness is not for him, that he has no right to it, that as he has done so he is to be done by, that even as he took the love of the mother from his brother, so his brother has taken the love of the child from him. He cannot claim his daughter, he has forfeited the love of his own child, he must leave her with the brother he had wronged, the brother who has taken up his burden and been a father to his child. How this is done, with what intensity of pathos, what heart-breaking closeness to life, I must leave the book to say; but I shall be surprised if the majority of readers do not agree that the punishment of the prodigal in being stripped of the last remnant of the only love that makes life bearable is a hundredfold greater and more tragic in the best sense than any violence of mere death, however awful in its facts.



Rossetti's Portrait of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

The end of the story is a happy one—happy both in the material and the spiritual sense. The prodigal has justified expectations; he has wiped the tears from all eyes; he has left happiness behind him, but he himself has paid the price. He has learned his lesson, the lesson of sin and its punishment. At length he knows the meaning of the parable. The prodigal son may not expect to return to his earthly father's house and be received with open arms. He cannot expect his wealth or his fame or even the claim of his blood to wipe out the evil of the past. Nature does not forget; the laws of life do not forgive. But this earthly life is not all. There is another where repentance counts for everything, where God's angels rejoice over the wounded and purified soul.

The last chapter brings the story to a splendid and all-satisfying climax. This is not a review, or else I might write something of the tremendous compelling power which Mr. Hall Caine has put into the last pages of his book. They were written after months spent among precisely similar scenes to those described. Nearly all the year the novelist had been living at St. Moritz, nearly every day of the summer was spent at a still greater altitude, the hospice at the top of the Bernina pass. There among everlasting glacier and perpetual avalanches this last chapter was composed, and it would be strange if the written work did not breathe something of those grand and stern surroundings.

The scene is on one of the volcanic mountains of Iceland. It is winter, and a great snowstorm is just over. As the stranger ascends the pass he pauses at intervals and looks back and listens. He hears the thin sound of the church bell, and sees in the valley below the home he has left behind him for ever. He has left happiness there, and love and warm comfort, for that is his reparation to the dear ones he has injured; and now for his atonement to God he is going away alone, stripped of everything, unknown. Before he is aware of it, he is at the foot of the glaciers in a wide circle of mountain peaks, all silent and white, in which he is the only living thing. Amid these grand

The Fairy Glen.

Where Aylwin saw the vision of Winnie.
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takes him. He has wandered without knowing it from the path of the pass, when the volcanic fire in the womb of the mountain brings down the avalanche. Then comes a sense of heavenly music, of blinding light, of travelling at a terrific velocity into the realm of the sun, a sense as of the Day of Judgment, of the life of the world being over, of kneeling among the meanest and most ashamed, of his breath coming short and fast as he is being led forward towards an overwhelming Presence, and finally of the music dying down, and of a blessed Voice saying: "For this My son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

and grim surroundings he sees for the first time clearly the lesson of life, and the meaning of death. The lesson of life is duty, and the meaning of death is to bring to the sinful, penitent soul the pardon the world cannot give.

At this moment of complete submission to the Almighty Will, his work being done, the hand of God

TRAFFICS AND MAFFICKS.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. KIPLING.

By Y. Y.

ONCE upon a time—long, long ago—in the dim and distant Past, before even the very youngest of us was born—the cruel World, hounded on by relentless Inquisitors called Critics, presumed to persecute the Children of Genius, evilly entreating them for their lapses and backslidings, and, if they repented not, haling them to the dreaded dungeons of Oblivion. In its cold insolence it dared to judge the aspirants to Fame, not only by their best, but by their worst. And thus did the Critics deal with them. When summoned by some Big Bird to behold him soaring and screaming gloriously against the sun, they would hail him for all time as a born Eagle. And so he might have remained—nesting snugly on his laurels; but when he grew too old, or too fat and lazy, to soar, sometimes he would tire of privacy, and call out, "Come, all the world! and hear me cackle, and behold me waddling majestically to the horse pond. Nearer—nearer! that you may catch the diamond shower that rises from the muddy waters, as I flap and flounder!" And then the critics—the impudent critics—would cry out: "You an Eagle! We know better now. At your best you were never more than a very big, very strong-winged Goose! And because you once managed to beguile us, we have a good mind to wring your ugly neck." Of course the people wanted to shy stones at him, but their crafty guides said: "Stop! you are pelting him with roses! Just take no notice. Ignore him—that is what he dreads worst." So, in those bad times, the very Biggest Birds were terrorised into an unseemly caution and scrupulosity, once they had been acclaimed as Swans or Eagles. They cunningly repressed every anserine instinct; they stayed much indoors, practising their steps and high notes, only venturing into public when they felt they could appear with credit. And, above all, they knew how to retire with dignity—and in time. But Mr. Kipling will be sure to understand me too well if I dabble any more in his tortuous metaphors, so suffer me to disguise my meaning in the plain old Mother-tongue, to him now growing unfamiliar. Be it said then, that of old the genius who had once achieved a "Penseroso," a "Colomba," a "School of Athens," or an "Israel in Egypt," henceforth dared not go into the open market to hawk Penny Dreadfuls, cheap daubs, or the music of the barrel organ—or went at his peril.

Well, well, let us thank our stars that the days of persecution are past, and that the dear old Ages of Faith have returned. Once we have canonised our literary saints, we are their devotees for life; they do what they like with us, feed us on dry husks or garbage, flout us, torture us—even bore us. Yet the worm never turns. Once a genius, always a genius—the king can do no wrong. Even our spurious cults—our weeping saints and winking virgins—it is just the same. When the machinery goes wrong—when the last tear has dried on the holy nose—when her ladyship's merry eye is fixed for ever in a stony stare or a hideous leer—we go on kneeling just the same, and whisper piously: "She only wants a little more money to wind her up. Drop another penny into the box." In our spacious indulgence we judge a writer by his best alone; his worst we condone as legitimate "pot-boiling." In days of old the backsliding genius could only lay the burden of his sins on Bacchus—a patron and protector discredited now in favour of Mercury, lord of markets, traffics and discoveries, and other business affairs. What is the result? The man of true literary vocation and ability begins by taking pains to do his very best. Sooner or later he is almost sure to catch the public eye. He is justly acclaimed and crowned. Then comes the temptation and the fall, though rarely the exclusion from Paradise. He knows that his negociable security, his asset, his stock-in-trade, is no longer his genius, but his name. He is paid the same, in money and praise, for rubbish as for fine work—at least for a time. He knows that publishers, editors, critics and public will snatch eagerly at the feeblest drivel if signed by him, which they would scorn if anonymous. So he makes his hay while the sun shines. In some cases he will sign more in a year—books, articles and reviews—than even Aquinas could have scribbled in the time. Like Dumas, he will employ ghosts, understudies, secretaries, or whatever you like to call them. An optimist, but who knows his Grub Street, tells me "their wives do a lot"; but that is no comfort. What matter who writes it? The stuff is never exactly bad. Only it is unworthy of the great man whom do I blame? No one. Why blame—why even deplore—the inevitable? The present conditions of the literary world are the result of natural causes, which in time will be counterbalanced by others. Critics can do little to modify them. The public has no time to read our criticism; it only asks us to ferret out and recommend a few readable authors for it. Some of these happen to please it, and then it manages to remember their names. Its idea of criticism is simply to know the right names—the names of the authors who are always safe to buy and read. And these names it does not soon forget. So to-day, every reviewer has to exhaust himself by concocting some columns of conventional civility, cold compliment and veiled depreciation of Mr. Kipling's new book, while far better work from less famous pens can claim but a few lines. And for the popular authors this much must be said. They are not really paid by piecework. Mr. Kipling's books are sold by size and weight. His last one is of his usual size, priced at six shillings. Well, I should value it at somewhat less than sixpence. On the other hand, many of the short tales in his earlier volumes would be cheap at a guinea each to any reader of taste who could afford the money and who could not get them for less. For them the author was probably paid a sum, however handsome, utterly inadequate to their intrinsic value. The balance due is now being refunded to him by over-payment. A queer, roundabout system, but we cannot mend it. If he had reserved all his brightest gems for one volume, he could not have asked more than the usual six shillings. True, it would have sold longer than his other books—indeed, for ever and ever. But not so very, very much better at first as you might think. However, whatever he does, he is certain to leave the world in his debt.

All is no doubt somehow for the best. But one thing

The Swallow Falls.

One of the scenes which Aylwin visited when searching for Winnie.
(Reproduced from "Aylwin," by kind permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.)

there is which I cannot understand—and not understanding, do not presume to blame. It is the cheerful acquiescence of men of genius, their lack of pride, their scorn of criticism, their contempt for future fame. With the obsolete prejudices of a poor dotard, in literary feelings now upwards of two hundred years old, I can only marvel helplessly how a man who has written what Mr. Kipling has written could steel himself to print such a volume as his last. Does he feel no qualms? Probably not. You may say, he is only superior to vanity and prejudice—takes a practical view of his profession—yet I cannot understand him.

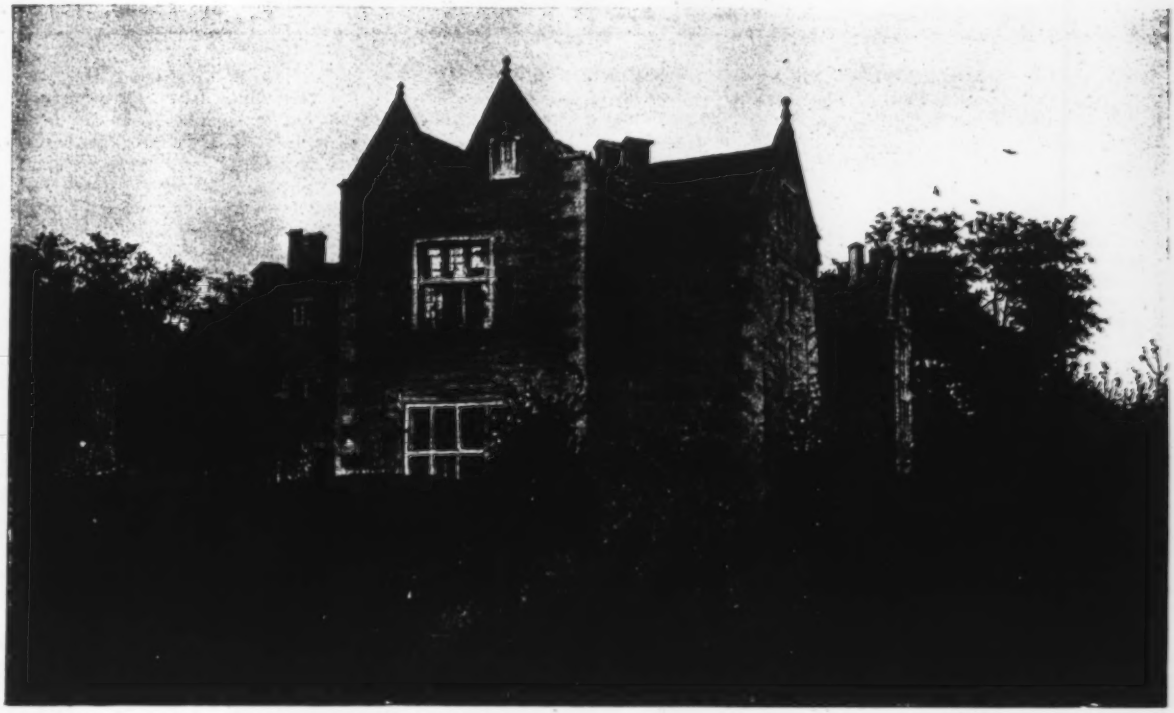
Fain would one go on beating about such a thorny bush as Mr. Kipling's "Traffics and Discoveries," but it must be faced at last. Yet what can one find to say about it? It is not worth discussion. One significant remark should suffice. It is this. Had the book been published anonymously, the critics and the public would have dismissed it as for the most part a tedious imitation, and in places a riotous burlesque, of the work of the celebrated Mr. Kipling.

A few of the pieces may have been printed already, but most are just the crude experiments and failures that always lumber a workshop. These have been furbished up and huddled together to make up a volume, a few copies of verse being fitted into the interstices. By far the best story is "A Sahib's War," because there he reverts to his old Indian manner, but the climax of the humanitarian ghost seems too Occidental. This, and two or three more, are apparently stock left on hand from his Boer War period. The rest are all redolent with petrol and machine oil. Years ago I pointed out in these columns the dangerous fascination which unintelligent forces and machines were casting over Mr. Kipling's mind, and now it has brought him very low. One paper called "Wireless" stands rather apart. It is a pointless, realistic piece, without beginning or end, as it were a chapter taken out of the middle of one of Zola's novels, and is needlessly repulsive, if not offensive. The others deal either with motor-cars, or naval machinery. Mr. Kipling has not only sunk to motoring—he glories in his shame—he deserves no mercy. He even drags his hideous toy for no reason, unless perhaps as a coarse realistic contrast, into his dreamy ghost story "They," which in more delicate hands might have been effective. As to his studies of naval machines and machinemen, notably a fearful bore called Pyecroft, they are—well, mechanical; boisterous but tiresome, prosaic but impossible, and set in a jargon which no prattler, not even a Pyecroft, ever did, or ever could, practise. It is all a dreary failure. His "Soldiers Three" were really alive; his heroes of the engine-room are only discordant gramophones. Of course throughout the book we find much cleverness, and many of the old happy touches, but as a whole it is a mere parody of the admirable work on which the author's reputation rests, and by which alone he is, but ought not to be, judged.

Three suggestive points shall have a few words here; they deserve pages. First, the decadent tendency to obscurity and mystification—above all, the old dodge of beginning abruptly, and keeping the reader wondering for a page or two what on earth the man is writing about. Indeed, not till near the end of "They," will many readers see that it is more than rambling twaddle. A detestable trick this—and a suicidal one!

Secondly, Mr. Kipling's realism—how far are we to trust it? From the first I have said that, as I have had no chance of seeing his innumerable "Things Seen," or professed to be seen, I could not presume to gainsay them. But when in his vast orbit he enters the small circle of my own experience, I detect some aberrations. More and more I distrust him, especially in his portraits and his reports of human thoughts and speech. He seems to me to have Defoe's gift of confusing things seen with things fancied, of combining them into a consistent semblance of fact, which he never questions himself and never allows his readers to question. I do not believe that men ever act, I am sure they never talked, as he sometimes pretends. If, then, the realism is not real, if you cannot trust it, how can you defend its ugliness?

Lastly, as to the jargon or patter, of which most of this volume consists, which he puts into the mouth of his so varied personages—soldiers, Yankees, sailors, Pyecrofts—and which is now infecting his own style—a few words, not to denounce its bad art, but its impossibility and its futility. We are asked to believe that all classes have now adopted the "smart" talk of the Yankee funny books. It exists only in print. Here the human gramophones go on screeching for pages, cramming every sentence with incongruous, grotesque metaphors and far-fetched allusions. It is easy for a Dickens laboriously to string together his Wellerisms, and for a Kipling to manipulate his talking machines, at their leisure; but in the hurry of conversation not even the maniac brain can work so nimbly and erratically. This dilemma arises. If these precious tropes are only well-worn proverbial locutions, used mechanically and unconsciously, like the vile expletives of our vulgar, then they are only burdensome excrescences, and not worth transcribing. Let him translate them into plain English, as he does the Hindustani. If, on the other hand, they are supposed to be original, I say they are impossible, even to a facile wit, when talking just for talking's sake. The wag of the bar-saloon or engine-room may perpetrate one of these mental somersaults each minute, but not twenty. Still more, when a man in earnest has Something to say, he says that Something straight out, and does not jumble it up with a dozen irrelevant and incongruous Other things. And this is why the trick is utterly ineffective, even in writing. When, as you will constantly find if you look, a crucial, impressive sentence is loaded with three or four of these excrescences, the intended effect is lost. Instead of dwelling on the main thought, your mind is whirled backwards and forwards from continent to continent, from heaven to earth in helpless confusion. The effect—on me at least—is at first exasperation, then a creeping sadness, and at last profound gloom; as if the jester were letting off crackers at a funeral. But enough! though Mr. Kipling's sins be as scarlet as his cherished red-coats, in days of old he has written—what he has written.



Kelmscott Manor.

Water-Colour by Miss May Morris.
(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

New Books.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.*

It was with a pleasurable feeling that we plunged into the bracing tide of Dr. Barry's essays and reviews. The surface, it is true, is encumbered with such an amount of flotsam and jetsam of miscellaneous reading and polyglot learning as to render it almost too lively and distracting for an ordinary, humdrum, breaststroke swimmer; but this we take to be in a large degree accidental, and due to the fact that the essays here collected were for the most part first printed in the *Quarterly Review*. For the due maintenance of the *Quarterly's* traditional sense of superiority it is regarded as essential that this bewildering display of omniscience should be regularly made; and if the number of proper names in the half-yearly index of that respectable periodical were to go below a certain well defined figure, we can well

* "Heralds of Revolt: Studies in Modern Literature and Dogma." By William Barry, D.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)

Photo Poole, Putney.

"John the Pilgrim."

By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.
(From Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton.")

understand that there would be a panic in the establishment. It is to keep us this average, we have been credibly informed, that Hallam and Sismondi are systematically emptied, and that the literature of Europe is so exhaustively dredged. The process is in every way as regular and as thorough as the spring and autumn operations of the Vacuum Cleaning Company.

But we must not confuse our issue by the anticipation of events. Many of the present essays were written long before vacuum cleaning was so much as dreamt of. The first one, for instance, begins with the irrefutable (and yet in a sense prophetic) statement, "George Eliot is dead." Many things indeed have happened since then. The author of "Adam Bede" has been likened by a school of contemporary criticism to a Spurgeon in petticoats, she has been defended valorously by those who remember the solidity of her former

Photo Poole, Putney. **The Pines: A Corner of the Garden.**

repute, and the Sibylline awe with which her personality used to be invested, but she has never been quite restored to that pedestal between Dante and Shakespeare which Lord Acton was apparently prepared to reserve for her; nor has the multiplication of editions seemed to indicate the fact that she is anything like so extensively read by forty millions in 1904 as she was by thirty millions a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Barry expresses the views of 1880 rather than those of 1904 on this subject. And yet we can agree with nearly everything that he says—nay, more, we can see in it much which anticipates the criticism of later days. People have said that her romances were *enfants de miracle*, born late in the mother's life at the cost of infinite pain, and much anxiety, and amidst the wondering trepidation of expectant friends. Were they to prove rickety, after all? We cannot agree with Dr. Barry that Savonarola is the greatest of her characters. Rather is it on the strength of the numerous characters far superior to Savonarola which she has drawn that we should be inclined to base her title to permanence. But he is certainly right in basing this claim upon her characterisation and her rich humour, rather than upon her philosophy. There is possibly a good deal of truth in that saying that she is a philosopher among artists, and an artist among philosophers. The statement that she is the greatest humorist save Carlyle in our modern literature (superior to Dickens), is evidently an aberration of time and place. It were needless to argue such a point before the readers of THE BOOKMAN. But Dr. Barry begins well and continues still better as a champion of literature which has been unduly depressed. For he goes on to set before us a cordial and sincerely appreciative estimate of "John Inglesant," a book which, in our opinion, has never fully come by its own. Shorthouse's book is one which refuses to be read rapidly; but then the impression of it which lingers in the mind is anything but a shortlived one, for it is the best part of the mind which it attaches and compels to accompany its author into the very centre of the third act of the seventeenth century drama. As to the possibilities of an *entente cordiale* between Anglican and Catholic at that period of impending civil war, Dr. Barry certainly does not err on the side of underrating its plausibility. Such dreams, as the whole later history of the century shows, were no whit less unreal than those attempts to retrace the path of history in the career of Newman, to which Carlyle applied the description "dancings of the sheeted dead."

A deeply interesting study follows of an apostle of Nirvana in the person of Amiel. The most interesting diary of modern times had to be rescued from a dead man's hand. Had Amiel delighted in the manifestation of his own individuality what rare and poignant pages might have emanated from him throughout his lifetime! But the tendency to philosophic nescience had an effect upon him similar to that of the stunting of his intellectual being. From this Dr. Barry proceeds to draw a series of deductions, some of which may appear neither conclusive nor tolerable by a considerable number of his readers. But that there is much in his conclusions to generate thought will scarcely be denied by any. Is not faith an energy, he asks, rather than the passive determination of abstract reasoning? "But again, energy is character; for in the profound words of Novalis, character is a perfectly educated will. We may even go a step beyond and assert with the same writer that we ought to be ashamed of our imbecility, if we could not so deal with our thoughts as to think what we chose, that is to say, not think capriciously and fancifully, but guide our intellect in such wise that it shall not be carried away by every wind of doctrine, like a vessel which has sails, but is without a rudder. If religion compelled our assent like mathematics, it would, like mathematics, lose its moral significance. . . . An abstract God will not save us. But to know Him as He is, we must exercise that moral liberty which is the highest gift of our nature and the heart of our being." This is at any rate extraordinarily well put. But it may perhaps be doubted whether Doubt can be repressed by any amount of activity on the part of the Ethos. It is a curious coincidence that the possibilities should be reviewed within a few months in two such able collections of reprinted essays as Dr. Barry's volume and Lyttelton's "Modern Poets of Doubt and Paganism." In both we have examples of moralists trying their hardest to grope their way out of what Carlyle would call the sty of Materialism. Dr. Barry's study of Carlyle as the caput mortuum of Calvinism and Cameronianism, leading men into the wilderness and leaving them there, is undoubtedly one of the maturest and one of the most powerful in the book; nor is it in any place cast in a mould to which any true admirer of Carlyle could raise objection.

For a moment we admit that we were a little astonished to find Pierre Loti in this galley, or rather, we should say, wearing the tabard of revolt. One might as well expect to discover Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Corelli under a similiar denomination. It is presumably, however, as an insurgent against "the golden chain" of French literature that Loti primarily deserves this position. The essay is certainly one of the most delicate and discriminating in the volume. Of the novels he says finely, "Narratives we cannot call them, but pages torn from

life, with no little of the pain and blood in them still that betray their origin. . . . Spite of an occasional ripple across his pages, he looks at us out of melancholy eyes, and opens his mouth chiefly in order to sigh. He abounds in the finest imagery, yet calls it again and again an intuition of sad splendour." The author's knowledge of George Sand and Flaubert, and the Corinthian brass of Balzac, seems no less exhaustive and profound. There is much that is perfectly true in his summing up of the postulates of the typical French novel as "Blessed are the unclean at heart, for they alone shall love"—the sacrament of adultery shamelessly adopted by every novelist who aspires to a large circulation. But we must be permitted to differ from Dr. Barry when he deduces the decadence of French society from such imperfect data. Charlotte Brontë made a similar error when, after declaring that all French novels are clever, wicked, sophistical and immoral, she goes on to add, "the best of it is they give one a perfect idea of France and of Paris." We must remember that their specialisation of theme is absolutely conventional, and that the circulation of French novels out of France is fully equal to the home trade. The variations upon this single theme are no more a reflection of French manners than are the conventional prettinesses of English fiction typical of English life. Balzac, it is quite true, is continually harping upon money; but Dickens and Thackeray are even more careful than he is to provide their heroes and heroines with plenty of the commodity in the last chapter. Marriage, says Dr. Barry, is a financial question in French fiction. It could hardly be more so than it is among the dignified clergy of Barsetshire. Yet these are always considered amazingly true to nature. The fact is that the English love story, with its happy ending and immoral reticences, is fully as conventional as the French, and very little, if at all, less enervating in its effects. The excess is in both cases almost equally morbid and indicative of disease. If there is decadence on one side there is probably something equally distressing on the other; and for a nation which is too timid to tackle the subject of a national army and navy it does not seem to us to be a "quite nice" thing to do to discuss "the decadence" of a people which possesses the finest fleet of submarines and the most powerful artillery in Europe.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MR. GISSING'S LAST BOOK.*

It was the fortune of this remarkable writer to attempt great things, to suffer much, and to die at the comparatively early age of forty-six. He has been praised by critics to whom public opinion defers, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a feeling preface, recommends this posthumous but almost completed work as "a finished piece of sculpture," and as "most original." In "Veranilda," he says, Gissing's "poetical gift for local colour, his subtle insight into spiritual mysticism, and, above all, his really fine scholarship and classical learning, had ample field."

I do not say that there is any hopefulness in the treatment of "Veranilda"; there is, however, fine workmanship—and lending to it an inward life, there is the higher scope, the mellow tone which Mr. Harrison recognises. It belongs, emphatically, to literature; it deserves to be called an historical romance; and it cannot fail to give pleasure when once we have thrown ourselves into the times and the atmosphere, so remote from our own, but to its author in no common degree familiar.

He has boldly taken his subject from the forty-third chapter of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," from the sixth century, and the adventures of the Gothic King, Totila. Old novel readers will compare his theme and its handling with Kingsley's "Hypatia," to which this might form a sequel. The difference is great. Kingsley was in every fibre romantic; his ardour carried him a-tilt against degenerate Greeks, monkish Egyptians, and Cyril of Alexandria; but we feel that he is Christian as well as Teuton, and himself a part of the story. Not so Gissing. This man stands aloof, calmly noting the ways of declining Rome, of Imperial Byzantium, of Greeks and Barbarians, in a style which we admire, but which has little movement, so choice and dainty is it, so steeped in classic phrases, so bookish, even at its best. The whole treatment is classical, and we wonder if it would not have gained by imitating Kingsley, who has made of his Goths so many big boys, with large limbs, not unkind hearts, and the manliness that is bred of self-control. Gissing, too, sets forth Totila in a shining light; the hero round whom the story moves is Totila. We want to see more of him. Basil and Marcian, the two gentlemen of Verona, but in sterner mould than Shakespeare's, are firmly drawn; for the ends of tragedy Marcian is the more interesting; his too sudden fate leaves us only half-satisfied; nor has Basil the grand proportions that would keep him visible when such world-shaking events as the siege and capture of Rome were filling the stage. These youths who are born in the purple, handsome, attractive, and worshipped by the faithful heroine, have proved too much for their creators in fiction; they baffle Scott, and they leave the reader cold.

But what shall we say of the women, Petronilla, Aurelia, Heliodora? They have their several merits; the wicked Heliodora is, however, less worth attending to than the pious Petronilla, whose features are taken from life—an unpleasant character, yet not unreal, mingling malice and devotion in the same cup. This brings us to the religious elements of the story. I cannot praise it in that light without reserve. Very admirably the figure of our great St. Benedict is shown, and his earthly Paradise on Monte Cassino, where the tormented Basil finds peace after storm. Had the author consulted our friends who live there still, he might have added some strokes to his picture and escaped a curious blot. St. Benedict was a deacon, not a priest; he did not possess, therefore, any claim to give absolution, and that episode is without warrant. I have said nothing about Veranilda, who bestows a name on the book. She is pretty enough and touching, but a good deal off the scene, hence we forget her easily. The true heroine is Rome, always fascinating, and though captured, unconquerable. Those who are well acquainted with Roman topography, with Naples and the Campanian coast, and the desert on which the Alban Hills look down, will travel along these pages contentedly. There is no very minute landscape painting in them, but a sobriety and a simple grace which we have learned to call antique.

WILLIAM BARRY.

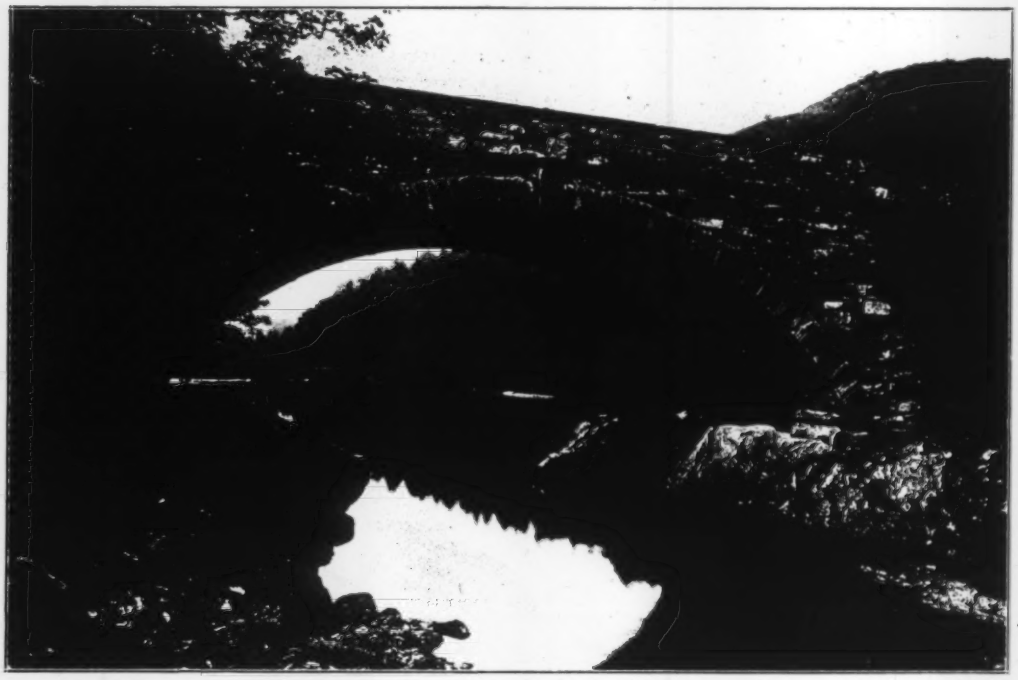
* "Veranilda." By George Gissing. 6s. (Constable and Co.)

A ROMANCE OF THE NORTH-WEST.*

The history of commerce has no more romantic page than that which tells the story of the Hudson Bay Company. In these days, when novelists, whose least failing is a want of industry, have gone to all the ends of the earth in quest of local colour, it is not easy to account for the neglect of the splendid theatre for romance afforded by the silent places of the far north. Here, as in not a few other instances, the writers of juvenile fiction have pointed the way. For many years the Ballantynes and Hentys had a monopoly of trading in the North-West, the South Seas, the Spanish Main. They made many expeditions and won golden spoil, but literature remained unenriched. It awaited a writer of indisputable genius to discover the true literary value of those distant territories and seas. Mr. Stevenson was the first to challenge and to overthrow the monopoly, and it is not the least of his claims to remembrance that he raised the simple story of adventure from the schoolroom to the library.

The famous Company of fur traders was cradled in romance. Its original charter was granted to Prince Rupert. Nearly three hundred years ago Henry Hudson set sail in the *Discoverie* on the voyage whence he never returned. The two centuries of the Company's independent history in no way belie the romantic promise of its youth. Again and again the Company takes a foremost place in the political history of North America. But its real romance lies not there, but in the record of splendid endurance and adventure that may be read between the prosaic lines of its ledgers. The servants of the Company were no gentlemen adventurers, but dour, determined men, who for a meagre livelihood had daily to pit their skill and endurance against savage men and savage beasts, and the still more savage North itself. That their work had any heroic aspect they were indifferent and unconscious. If they returned safely from the Barren Grounds—well, it was part of the day's work, and they got

* "The Silent Places." By Stewart Edward White, Author of "The Blazed Trail." 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



Beaver Pool Bridge.

Where Aylwin met Rhona Boswell on his way to the Fairy Glen.
(Reproduced from "Aylwin," by kind permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.)

their wages and nothing more. If they did not come back—the incident was too common to afford matter for an evening's conversation round the camp fire.

It is two men of this stamp whose adventure is described in this remarkable novel. We are constrained to call it an adventure, but Mr. White, with the instinct of a good artist, emphasises its character as a mere incident of the day's work. In similar fashion he very skilfully underlines the disparity between the end and the means. A runaway Indian leaves debt behind him. The Company must make an example, and Sam Bolton and Dick Herron go forth to bring him back. A year of dreadful hardship passes before the two woodsmen, themselves on the brink of starvation, accidentally run against their prey in the frost-bound limits of the Silent Places. And they would not have found him but for the fact that the poor Ojibway was snow-blind and was unconsciously doubling on his trail. At an early stage of their journey the two traders were joined by May-may-gwàn, a beautiful Indian girl, who had fallen a victim to the spell of Dick Herron's laughing eyes. To turn her back was impossible, and the two angry woodsmen had to suffer her silent company and her pitiful offers of ministration. As the horrors of the journey increased, embarassment gave place to tragedy, and no reader is likely to forget the haunting picture of the two men, with what dogs they had not eaten, toiling silently through the snow, and the girl, with a breaking heart, far behind, dragging herself along with Indian stoicism. The traders and their captive survived, but May-may-gwàn remained in the Silent Places, dying happy in Dick Herron's lying but very merciful assurance of his love.

The materials of the story, as we have shown, are as simple as they are fresh. But the characters are unfolded with extraordinary skill and with the nicest discrimination. Sam Bolton, the old woodsman, sensitively alert to all the mysterious voices of the forest, is the counterpart to the younger man, full of the splendid arrogance of physical strength. The story of the Indian girl is told with equal delicacy and force, and its effect in moulding the character of the man she vainly loves reveals a psychological insight of a very remarkable order. Naturally much of the charm of the book lies in its scenic descriptions. These we do not hesitate to call masterly. There is no overloading of epithet, no elaboration of description at the expense of the evolution of character. Mr. White enables us to visualise the scene, whether it is in the spring forest or the illimitable vastness of the winter snows. The conclusion of the book is something of a touch of genius. When the two broken men reach the camp, old Sam Bolton with official brevity recites the bare facts of their journey. Of the danger, the hardship, the tragedy, not a word. And not a word of approbation or surprise from the men round the fire. On the contrary Dick Herron is carelessly called on for the very song he had sung on the night he started for the journey, which by its grim teaching had transformed him from a heedless boy to a grave-eyed and resolute man.

J. H. L.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

These learned and delightful chapters are formed from "a series of papers which the author evidently intended to be the nucleus of an exhaustive work upon Shakespeare." One portion of the volume is a contribution to the biography of Shakespeare, and to the topography of places in country and town with which he was connected. The other deals with the sources and the production of "The Tempest." The work belongs to a class of books of which we have too few—books which have been the recreation of men of leisure and of learning, who fear no general editor's lash, who are not tied to a date, who let the publishing seasons come and go, who have no concern for royalties or half profits, who do not calculate their words by the thousand, who pursue their erudite amusement with the industry which pleasure stimulates and sustains, and who can wander into byways of knowledge not trodden and trampled by the crowd, and bring back to those who remain upon the highway gifts that are new and precious.

In the brief memoir prefixed, Mr. Lang, aided by reminiscences of Elton's earlier years, contributed by Mr. John White, tells the story of a life which seems to have been singularly happy. Charles Elton, born in 1839, was a contemporary of Frederick Myers at Cheltenham College, and, like Myers, was a boy unambitious of school prizes, but one who chose all knowledge for his province—as far as a boy can be said to do this—one whose abundant and easy power could not but take its own way. At Oxford the habit of his mind remained the same. Distinctions came to him rather than were sought. He was a classical scholar, a poet, a legist, a historian, because it was natural to be each of these, and an intimacy with the philosophy of Spinoza, the poetry of Shelley, the quaint lore of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," came, as it were, of their own accord. An open Fellowship at Queen's was won when John Addington Symonds was Elton's rival. His main literary interest, says Mr. Lang, was "in the borderland of history, archæology, law, and the study of institutions." His marriage at the age of twenty-four was more than a marriage—it was also a happy intellectual alliance. His practice at the Bar, mainly concerned with the laws of real property, might have brought him high legal honours; but it was pleasanter at thirty to

* "William Shakespeare: His Family and Friends." By the late Charles Isaac Elton. Edited by A. Hamilton Thompson, with a Memoir of the Author by Andrew Lang. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

become the squire of Whitestaunton in Somerset, with an estate containing in itself "a miniature history of South Britain," and an old house, remodelled in Tudor times, which lacks nothing of perfection, in Mr. Lang's eyes, except the presence of a ghost. Here, or in Cranley Place, he read widely and wrote in moderation, collected his faïence of Rhodes, Persia, and Anatolia, and printed the catalogue of his library. That he should enter the House of Commons as member for West Somerset, and as a Conservative, was in the order of nature, but, though he made "four maiden speeches" on the same afternoon, it was not his way to contribute much to the strife of tongues. And in April, 1900, after a brief illness, the good and happy life ended, and his manuscripts for a work on Shakespeare had the fortune to be in a condition capable of presentation, under the careful editorship of Mr. Hamilton Thompson, as a last gift to the public.

It is a gift for which no student of Shakespeare can fail to be grateful, and which the reader who is not a specialist will find entertaining—if he cares for this kind of entertainment—in every chapter and almost on every page. Much that is familiar has to be told, but now and again Elton's knowledge of law, or his acquaintance with the methods of Elizabethan husbandry and tillage, or with some old lore of natural history, enables him to give a fresh interpretation, probably if not certainly true, to a familiar fact or Shakespearian word. He went in his leisurely way, so different from that of the professional maker of books, to the original sources, disentangled the fact from the legend, and with a judicial mind balanced statement against statement. An examination of facts and traditions relating to Shakespeare's early life is followed in this volume by a study of the topography—which includes much beside topography—of part of the Shakespearian district, of the Stratford road, and various localities in London. The descendants of Shakespeare, his death and his will, form the subjects of a later section of the book. A series of investigations of seventeenth century writers, who furnish illustrations or record traditions of Shakespeare—Howell, Ward, Dowdell, Aubrey, and others—is of special interest and value. The remainder of the volume is connected with "The Tempest."

With respect to Shakespeare's marriage, Mr. Elton, who could not err in a matter of law, assures us that a contract of present espousals, in which the man and woman declare "I take thee" for "my wife," and "my husband," before witnesses, and with some symbolical gift, constituted a legal civil marriage: "The civil marriage required the religious solemnity to give the parties their legal status as to property; but otherwise it was both valid and regular." To get married in church, with due publication of banns, was forbidden without a special licence between Trinity and Advent. On Thursday, 28th November, 1582, Shakespeare obtained a licence to be married with only one publication of the banns. The reason for haste is obvious to Mr. Elton; Advent Sunday fell on December 1st: "there was only just time to get the banns called on the last day of November—St. Andrew's Day." Unless Shakespeare or his friends produced evidence of his father's consent to the marriage, the licence could not have been obtained, for the bridegroom was still a minor. In the absence of Anne Hathaway, who could have stated on oath that she was of full age, and in the absence probably of any certificate proving that her parents were dead, it was thought expedient to insert in the licence the somewhat unusual condition that she should not be married "without the consent of her friends." There is no reason to suppose that in any incident connected with Shakespeare's marriage he acted irregularly.

Let us dive into another page: "I can find no proof," writes Mr. Furness in a note on "palm-tree" in "As You Like It," III., ii., "that the willow was ever called a palm-tree." That the catkins were called "palms" Mr. Furness does not doubt. Mr. Elton writes of the palm-tree of Arden Forest, on which Rosalind finds her copy of verses: "This is no palm-tree of the south; it is the satiny palm or sallow, which decked the Warwickshire churches and 'made the country houses gay.' In the tract called 'The Supplication of the Poor Commons,' there is a delightful picture of river scenery which, with slight alterations, might have been applied to Shakespeare's home. A traveller is supposed to have espied a fair church, standing in this case on a hill and pleasantly set round with groves and fields: 'the goodly green meadows lying beneath, by the banks of a crystalline river, garnished with willows, poplars, *palm-trees*, and alders, most beautiful to behold.'"

These examples serve to indicate the kind of aids to Shakespearian study which will be found scattered in many places through Elton's volume. Where the writer's statements or conjectures need to be checked and controlled, the control will come in due time. Meanwhile we welcome a book on Shakespeare which is not one of fantastic theories or ingenious folly, but is sane, genial, and well informed.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF LITERARY TASTE.*

In concluding the third and last volume of his "History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe" (and thus com-

* "A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe." From the earliest texts to the present day. By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. "Modern Criticism." 20s. net. (Blackwood.)

Llyn Llydaw.

Where it was rumoured that Winnie was drowned.
(Reproduced from "Aylwin," by kind permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, Ltd.)

pleting some 1,750 large pages on the subject) Professor Saintsbury has performed a physical and intellectual feat of no ordinary magnitude. It means that to a list of works and editions which already competes in length in the Catalogue of the British Museum Library, with the writings of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, or the late Henry Morley, he superadds three massive grey tomes on one of the most difficult and abstract of themes—the evolution of critical theory—densely packed with references to recondite authorities in Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, English, and German. A critic himself who enjoys a high position of authority and influence, a position corresponding in some respects academic or otherwise, to that held by his dogmatic compeer on the other side of the Channel, M. Brunetière, Professor Saintsbury, amidst the multifarious calls of a busy professional career, and amidst all the stresses and strains of what he not very felicitously (in the case of Matthew Arnold) calls "chair-work," has found time to essay that long-neglected and incessantly-shirked task from which the fine taste and exquisite susceptibilities of Gray and Arnold

From a Drawing by Ernest E. T. Rosen. **Mr. Hall Caine.**

so persistently revolted, that, namely, of making a firm causeway through the forest and morass of critical theory from Xenophanes to "Q." In his own words (so *recherché*, as we shall have occasion to remark later, is the Professor's taste in simile and metaphor) he resembles a solitary Satan journeying across Chaos. It must be admitted, in regard to this particular application, that Chaos is generally understood to presuppose Creation, if not the creation of Paradise, for neither of which consequences can we conscientiously undertake to be responsible to the reader who does himself the honour of purchasing Professor Saintsbury's erudite volumes. What we can say with assurance is that at the lowest estimate he has produced a permanent work of reference which will figure on the shelves with Warton's "History of Poetry," and Ward's "English Drama," a book which no self-respecting gentleman's library would willingly see itself without. As in the case of nearly all attempts to formulate a centric theory, or to establish a large synthesis, it is easy to object that before the system so long deliberated has been definitely elaborated much of it is already out of date. But no honest student can fail to be impressed by the utility of such a framework as that which is here projected for the first time in the history of English Criticism. Problematic as many of its details may seem, the mere carpentry of such a work upon a scheme so prodigious is perennially amazing, and the amount of solid reading and continuous "chair-work" involved is such that it is perfectly safe to say that no living person in these islands, save the professor of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, could have achieved it. Even while writing it he has found time to produce his "Loci Critici," a useful and indeed a most valuable collection of passages illustrating the successive phases of critical theory from Aristotle to Arnold. All that still remains to be done to terminate this large sphere of travail is to produce a glossary to the "History of Criticism" itself.

In turning from the "Loci" to the "History" the Professor speaks somewhere of taking off his "fatigue-jacket," and putting on the "statelier uniform" of the historian. Unless this were spoken ironically, we can hardly compliment him upon his idea of stateliness in the matter of English style. Since Sir Thomas Urquhart was introduced by Rabelais to a feast of language, and made off with his own stolen scraps, we can hardly instance a book written for purposes of instruction, the general purport of which is so obscured by the tantalizing and tortured oddity of the style. Not even in the crudest and most academic of dissertations for a literary degree in an American University have we observed such an inveterate tendency to technical shorthand, to class-room word-coinage, to shop slang, or to merely perverse translation of the obvious into the obscure. Whether Professor Saintsbury has adopted this style in deliberate revolt against the smoothness and dignity of the older school of English critics, from Dryden and Johnson to Arnold and Courthope, or whether he has been engulfed in it unconsciously, as he pursued the vicious circle of exclusive examining and teaching and conferring with professional colleagues, we cannot stay to enquire. Our concern is with the interests of the reader of his valuable work who finds himself totally unable to understand without footnotes what he means by "aporiae" and "stramineous" and "Estesian definitions," and the rest, who are continually being teased by such words as "indagation," "resipiscence," or "ephectic," or disgusted by such slang expressions as "he of Cockermouth," "W. W.," or "German paste" (German paste is surely a food for larks, the last thing we should imagine German criticism to be). Such extravagances are by no means exceptional; they are to be found on almost every page, and the only persons (we are convinced, after careful experiment) who can be induced even to profess to understand them are those professional friends to whom the author is so constantly alluding, and those other invisible savants at whom he is so continually and exasperatingly making faces in parentheses, wholly unintelligible to the reader, throughout the length and breadth of the book. What are we to understand by a writer who suddenly, without any apparent provocation, goes off like this in a parenthesis (Rymer! Rymer!) (Groves of Blarney! Groves of Blarney!) (he is probably always subaud., but seldom uttered, except by the hotter gospellers), except that he is finding relief for his worst passions in a kind of expletive slang disgraceful to a distinguished littérateur, and, further, that he is writing in a mood of insulting contempt for the ordinary reader, and calculates only upon the effect he is producing upon Professors Buggë, Schmeller, Grillparzer, Gegenheimer; "and so on" (this last, by the way, is one of the Professor's favourite literary formulæ). For this reason then, if for no other, we feel it to be our duty to warn parents and guardians that this is a most dangerous book to put in the hands of the young, so prone always to imitate vicious habits in those in authority. When distinguished writers use these foreign idioms or out of the way words, they ordinarily make a practice of introducing them with the equivalent of the little contraction of the risory muscles or apologetic smile which one normally employs in conversation. Professor Saintsbury, we need hardly say, has long abandoned all such niceties or delicacies of manner, and scatters abroad his neologisms and his audacities with a perfectly shameless frequency and

coolness. There is, however, another and a darker hypothesis to which we feel bound, however briefly, to advert. On turning up "ephectic" in the Oxford Dictionary we discovered that the authority for the word was—"G. Saintsbury," in the *Daily News* for 1883. It looks almost as if for the last twenty years or more the purity of the English language has been liable to these stealthy, persistent, and insidious attacks on the part of one of those very persons who ought to have shown himself a veritable Stoessel in the work of defence. We need not confide in the reader how many times we have asked ourselves in perusing this work, "Is this the right kind of English for a history of Critical Theory?" We have almost done. Occasionally, however, we must admit we have asked, "Is this English at all?" What, for instance, are we to make of the following:—

Mitford's "Enquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language" represents himself as having paid a visit to Pye, afterwards laureate; and, finding him with books of the kind before him, as having expostulated with "a votary of fancy and the Muses" for his "patience with such dull and uninteresting controversy."

Or again—

Hazlitt's "Table Talk" "is among the least literary of the books, and yet so literary enough."

For these reasons then, among many others, we reaffirm that the language and allusions of this "History," despite the "statelier uniform" in which they are arrayed, emphatically need a *glossary*.

When we have translated what the Professor himself might call his *argot* or *stenografia du métier* into plain English, and got rid of the numerous parentheses and other embellishments, we get at his views, and with these we frankly confess that we are generally in hearty agreement. In the previous volume it seemed to us that he rode his Dryden hobby, if anything, rather too hard. Here we think he oppresses Wordsworth and his heresy about poetic diction rather too cavalierly. His main contention after all, if fairly interpreted, namely, that poetry should not be constructed out of words peculiar to itself, is far less subversive than Professor Saintsbury would seem to imagine, and, if he urged it with too much emphasis, the fault of perspective is easily explained and justified by the horrible code of trade-laws in regard to poetic diction, which Dryden and Pope did so much to impose upon the neck of the poor, dear eighteenth century. We shall always, we hope, be ready with our modest cheer when the Professor urges, as he does here, that English Criticism is not really so bad after all, and by no means the stupidest in Europe, as Arnold and other inverted patriots do vainly boast. Thackeray, whose aberrations were as grotesque as his taste was exquisite, seems to us rather absurdly over-praised. Joubert also, though his saying, "On ne peut trouver de poésie nulle part quand on n'en porte pas en soi," appears to us anything but "fatal." On the other hand, Professor Saintsbury minimises the critical influence that is more difficult to estimate, but more potent in its ultimate sway, such as that of Rousseau, Lamb, and Carlyle, while he ignores apparently the contribution, by no means negligible, of Herbert Spencer. The kind of insight which manifests itself in the flash of a phrase is (as we should expect) rare, but we seem to get it here and there, as when speaking of De Quincey's impish and almost fiendish acuteness at odd moments the Professor apostrophises him as "the little monster." He speaks acutely again of "the too common carpers, who string a reasonless 'I don't like this' to a tell-tale 'I can't understand that,' until they can twist a ball (not of cowslips) to fling at a poet." He tries hard, without complete success, to be fair to Macaulay—with whom surely, as a critic, Professor Saintsbury himself has much in common. A critic by memory, learning, prescription, and ingrained rule, rather than by intuition, one is inclined to detect in him a formalist in the apparel of an æsthete, wielding what looks at first sight to be a small lyre, but turns out, upon careful inspection, to be no more than a metronome. Nevertheless, as is indeed obvious, the strict arbitrary critic, with his line and plummet, his measure and carpenter's rule, is an apparition so rare among the wild untrimmed plots of our literary paradise in England, that the book of such an one comes upon us as a welcome and invaluable innovation. Having regard to those mysterious friends in the background with whom the Professor is so constantly exchanging marconigrams (by a process fully as occult as that in which the antennæ operate), one is fain now and again to wonder whether in the course of a comparatively few years we may not have our fill of these preceptors in rhetoric, and their "Babylonish dialect" of "English cut on Greek and Latin." In the meantime, however, for the scientific detachment which Professor Saintsbury's great learning and undaunted courage have enabled him to give to the whole subject, we must be permitted, a few small qualifications and surface grumbles notwithstanding, to express our very sincere, and at the same time humble and admiring gratitude.

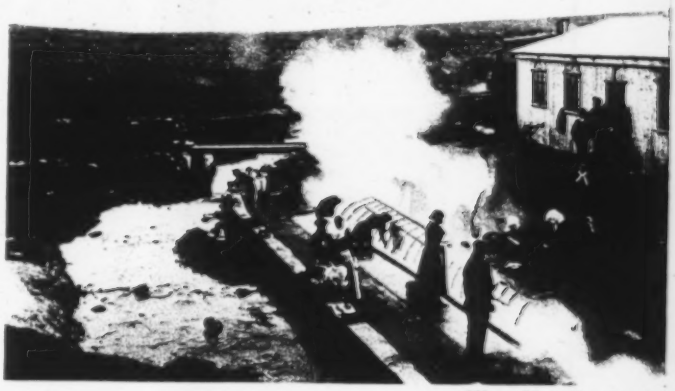
T. S.

The little Trading Station of Eyrarbukki.
A picture from the scene of "The Prodigal Son."

THE GERMAN ARMY AT HOME AND ABROAD.*

It is a curious irony of fate that has secured for two novels bearing on the German army the simultaneous honour of an English translation. In a measure the one book answers the other. Herr Beyerlein, whose novel, we are told, "had

* "The Coming Conquest of England." By August Niemann. Translated by J. H. Freese. 6s. (Routledge.)
"'Jena' or 'Sedan'?" From the German of Franz Beyerlein. 6s. (Heinemann.)



The Hot Springs.
A scene from "The Prodigal Son."

Native Costume of Iceland.

"She wore a laced bodice, a turned-down collar, a hufa, a tassel and plaited hair."—"The Prodigal Son."

a larger circulation in the first year of its career than any novel of our days, close upon one quarter of a million copies having been sold," propounds for his countrymen the serious question whither the German military system is tending—is it towards Jena or Sedan? Herr Niemann retaliates with a jaunty account of the downfall of England, and describes the triumphant entry of the Kaiser into London at the head of the allied troops of Russia, France, and Germany. The two documents are of greatly unequal literary merit, but it is obvious that the temptation to consider them together is not without justification. One is a serious novel with a purpose, the other is a feuilleton, whose chief purpose, we take it, is to sell; but both may be regarded as criticisms of a great military power from which it behoves us to try to deduce some instruction.

An Icelandic Costume.

A picture from the scene of "The Prodigal Son."

In the light of its great popularity in Germany, we confess that Herr Beyerlein's novel, considered as a work of art, seemed to us woefully disappointing. It is inchoate and formless to a degree. To fiction with an obtrusive purpose considerable latitude in this respect has sometimes been allowed, but "Jena or Sedan" may well be called a book of loose ends. Characters are introduced with some pomp and circumstance, only to fall through a trap-door and to be lost sight of on the stage. On other characters we rivet our attention, convinced that they are the protagonists of the play. Some hours later, the curtain rises on the fifth act, and lo! our heroes are only supernumeraries. Gradually it is borne in upon us that Herr Beyerlein's novel with a purpose is more purpose than novel. Mere plot interest can account for very few of that quarter of a million of readers. Apart from the purpose, to which we shall return, it is permissible to suppose that some of the attraction of the book consisted in its piquant descriptions of garrison life. On this point we may disabuse the minds of intending English readers. The anonymous translator has not spared the shears. There are passages in the book which, in the publisher's words, "may shock insular notions." Certain recent additions to English fiction would lead one to suppose that our insular notions are becoming indecently robust. In that respect Herr Beyerlein, as translated, need shock no one. But it may be confessed that it will require an ardent enthusiasm for realism to appreciate the story of Heppner and his sister-in-law, and that the suppression of one incident relating to Frau von Grupphusen, would have heightened our insular opinion of German good taste.

But the purpose! The purpose is nothing less than a severe indictment of the whole military system of Germany. It is inconceivable how Herr Beyerlein's motive could have been misunderstood, for the book is written in no captious spirit and is informed with patriotism. He shows us how the finest intellect in the German army is crushed underneath the Juggernaut of discipline and routine. The matter of fact reports of journalism would indicate that he minimises the amount of brutality that characterises the attitude of commissioned and non-commissioned officers towards the rank and file. But his picture is sufficiently grave to cause anxiety to all German patriots, and to all in other countries who would dally with the idea of conscription as a panacea for national decay. Many of the portraits Herr Beyerlein has drawn are flattering enough to the national conscience. But the tone of the work is radically and profoundly pessimistic. His best officers are discouraged and neurotic; the rest are rakes and gamblers. Among the rank and file it is the best men who suffer most acutely from the tyranny of a relentless discipline, and it is by their agency that the seeds of socialism are spread.

Herr Niemann's volume must have proved in Germany a very agreeable antidote. But we must risk the charge of hypocrisy and insularity by refusing to take it seriously. We have had so many much more cogent warnings from our own people! This kind of thing has to be done transcendently well if the author is to be acquitted of the odious charge of trying to teach what it is proverbially unsafe for any boy to teach his grandmother. His narrative rattles along from the Russian conquest of India to the German invasion of Britain. An English officer's wife is the villain of the piece. And so on. Finally the Germans land at Leith, "and the Scotish population remained perfectly calm." We thank Herr Niemann for this remarkable tribute to the good sense of the 'Scotish' people. J. H. L.

A SCOTTISH HUMORIST.*

Not a few among the critics may have had fears that "Wee Macgreegor," a one-boy book, might prove to be the work of a one-book man. Such fears, if they existed, will be completely removed by "Jess & Co.," which demonstrates the ability of Mr. J. J. Bell (anonymity is no longer secured by the well-known initials) to write a long tale in which there are many characters, all of them well drawn, and to grip

* "Jess & Co." By J. J. B. Illustrated by A. S. Boyd. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

and entertain the public with it in much the same way as he gripped and entertained them with the humorous and pathetic sketches of the Glasgow youth whose name and fame are now world-wide as well as somewhat tiresome. The canvas of "Jess & Co." is much larger than that of "Macgreegor," but Mr. Bell's draughtsmanship is sure, and it is with unerring skill and artistry he applies his quiet and amusing colours.

The scene, of course, is Scotland, and the part of Scotland is, as in his other writings, Clydeside, the industrial population of which area he has observed closely and with rare result. Of recent years much noteworthy fiction has been printed in which West of Scotland working people have been the leading figures. Perhaps that important book, "Glasgow in 1901," suggested the possibilities of the field, and to it, indirectly, "Macgreegor" and kindred works may be traceable. Be that as it may, there is the fact that the Keelie School of fiction has found itself, and that the humours, the struggles, and the loves that go to the making of the daily lives of Clydeside artisans provide reading matter for the English speaking race. In the present book Mr. Bell deals with a Firth of Clyde village, but the point of view is the Glasgow point of view, and the language is the language of Glasgow, with all its faults, and—to a Glasgovian—all its charms. "Macgreegor" contained much that might have puzzled English readers; "Jess & Co." has remarkably little that is likely to prove "difficult" south of the Cheviots, and it is well that there is no glossary for the elucidation of such words as "peely-wally," "plunkin'," "caahoochy," "cooryin'," and "footer." The context explains them, and they help to explain the context.

The central character of the story is one David Houston, joiner and glazier by trade, gardener by nature, who, with his wife Jess, forms the partnership which gives the book its title; and the class of people pictured may be gathered from the fact that after teaparties it is the rule of the men guests to retire from the parlour to the kitchen for a smoke after the tea things have been "washed up" by the hostess. None of the characters keeps a domestic servant. Houston is by no means a ne'er-do-weel, nor is he "peely-wally," but his heart is not in joinering, and he has a disposition which makes it supremely easy for him to "put off." Mention is made in the opening chapter of a lock which he is asked to supply for a coal-cellar, and when the words, "The End" are reached, that order is still unexecuted. Jess pulls him through his many difficulties, after much tribulation, and in so doing she has the assistance of Aunt Wallace, a middle-aged widow, the most original and strongest figure in the book. Aunt Wallace is a humorist and a philosopher, but blunt beyond the borders of impertinence. Underneath, she is a most kindly soul, whose constant aim is that David may be saved from his ways; and it is in the making of Aunt Wallace that Mr. Bell achieves the biggest thing he has yet done. She is a welcome addition to the gallery of women in Scotch fiction, and her humour, caught with grace and realism by Mr. Bell, will prove something new to English readers, while Scotch readers will be struck with surprise that the type—fairly common in the North—has not before been reduced to paper. A comic foil to her is afforded by Mr. Ogilvy, an elderly grocer with a "melancholical deesposition," who weighs characters as well as groceries, is always deploring the state of trade, and is described by Mrs. Wallace as a "kin' o' greetin' buddy as a rule." From a very early stage it is gathered how matters are to develop between these two, and the reader with an interest in orange-blossom is not disappointed. Angus, the joiner's man, is another likeable character. He aye does the "wrang thing," he is worse than useless in the shop, and he is paid merely as a pensioner, though not for worlds would the tender-hearted Houston tell him this. Angus dies: this is his will:—

"I leave to Mrs. Houston, wife of David Houston, joiner, Kinlochan, 15 ponds.—With thanks, ANGUS FRASER."

This "15 ponds" was not all the money that came the way of Jess & Co. When the tide turned, and before the curtain is rung down for the last time, David is in the happy and wished-for position of being able to buy an excellent nursery and flower-garden, so realising the ambition of his clean and simple life.

"Jess & Co." is told with charm, directly and without literary affectation, and while there is sentimentality it is not of the cloying kind, but good and sound. A sympathetic illustrator has been found in Mr. A. S. Boyd, who provides fifty admirable full-page pictures—some of the best work he has ever done. His Glasgow experience has stood him in good stead; he has seen and studied the types of which Mr. Bell writes.

DAVID HODGE.

MR. BELLOC AS A SATIRIST.*

"Sustained irony" is a frequent phrase in reviews, but in reality it is as rare and as difficult of attainment as sustained humour. Yet this somewhat hackneyed term is at once the literal description and the truest criticism of Mr. Belloc's new book. From beginning to end "Emmanuel Burden" is ironical: even the sub-title "a novel," is ironical. Satire tends to become monotonous, but with consummate ability Mr. Belloc escapes from this danger by working up gradually from the almost farcical satire of the opening chapters to the tragic irony of the end with its minute and remorseless

Jon the Guide. A Typical Icelander.
A picture from the scene of "The Prodigal Son."

realism. If Mr. Burden is something of a puppet in his lifetime, he is cruelly human in his death agony.

"Emmanuel Burden" is a remarkable achievement, a veritable *tour de force*, and had there been less of the preacher about Mr. Belloc, it might have ranked with the greatest of English satires. With Mr. Belloc's political views we are not concerned, but even those who are in completest agreement with him must admit that from the literary point of view his book suffers from its obvious partiality. Mr. Burden is a typical English merchant, a stolid unimaginative man, hard and narrow but rigidly honest. By imperceptible degrees he finds himself involved in the toils of certain financial magnates, until at last he realises that his spotless reputation is being used to bolster up a gigantic fraud. The knowledge of the truth kills him, and by a characteristic touch his worthless son reaps the reward of his father's shame. The idea is admirable and is worked out with extraordinary skill, but unfortunately Mr. Belloc's political bias makes him needlessly, and in fact inartistically, unjust to his opponents. The force of his satire is weakened by the fact that the empire builders, Mr. Barnett

*"Emmanuel Burden." By Hilaire Belloc. With illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Iceland Geysers.
A picture from the scene of "The Prodigal Son."

and Mr. Harbury, do not believe in themselves. They are mere vulgar swindlers. The criticisms which Mr. Belloc makes of the methods and aims of certain "imperialist" financiers would have lost nothing, and his satire would have gained greatly as a work of art, if his villains had been less melodramatic and more lifelike, deceiving themselves as well as the public.

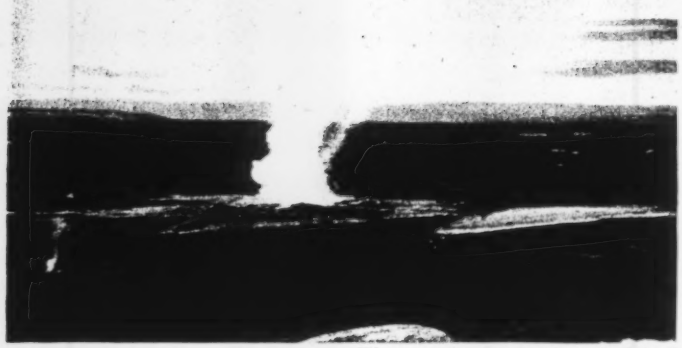
This criticism applies to the general design: the workmanship in detail is beyond praise. The book abounds in skilful touches, and if Mr. Belloc had written nothing else, "Emmanuel Burden" would mark him out as a writer of the rarest gifts. He is fortunate too in having an illustrator in the fullest sympathy with himself. Mr. Chesterton's drawings are perfect and catch the spirit of the book exactly. It is rare indeed to find author and artist so excellently matched.

L. G. BROCK.

A PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

Either a crowded life or an interesting personality may afford materials for a good biography. Mandell Creighton's life was barren of incident, and it was all too short; but his personality was most interesting. Mrs. Creighton has done well to let him reveal himself in letters, and—insufficiently—in conversations. The collections of his aphorisms that she gives are very well in their way, but they lose much by severance from their context. He was a man whose table-talk we should have, or, better still, his lane-side talk—the flashes of insight, the glorious paradoxes,

* "Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton." By his Wife. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Longmans.)



"The sun was setting behind the crags of the Almanagja."
A picture from the scene of "The Prodigal Son."

that shortened the long tramps in which he delighted. Mrs. Creighton may lack the dramatic faculty necessary for reproducing these: but after all, if she had it, and used it, more than the half of her readers would distrust the record.

Of course, the book is much too big. Biography, it seems, must be on this absurd scale, and so Creighton's life and letters occupy two-thirds of the space of Mr. Gladstone's. The man could have been limned on a quarter of this canvas, and with better effect. Mrs. Creighton, it is true, has not departed for a moment from her subject; she was in no mood to wander away to accessories; the man was big in her eyes, as he deserved to be, and we could wish to know him, as near as may be, as she knew him. We could spare few details, but the details are too often repeated. Without in the least despising domestic chronicles, one does get rather tired of the bishop's romps. The domestic chronicles are important, for this perfect scholar, this brilliant fencer with words, this consummate historian, was built up and built about in the home. The audacious yellow scarf worn by a certain young lady at one of Ruskin's lectures had much to do with his making. Great thanks are due to Mrs. Creighton for her bold venture of printing long extracts from his letters written to her during the year before their marriage. There are not many women who would have the courage to do it; but then there are not many men whose letters would be like these. One remembers some of Kingsley's; but his passionate nature was of a wholly different order. Creighton was nothing if not self-controlled. He curbed every part of his being except his tongue, and there was method in the madness even of that member.

Perhaps it was the lack of passion that kept him just short of excellence. His intimate friend, Copleston, says of him as an undergraduate that he hated wickedness; but the hatred seems to have been of a tolerant contemptuous kind. Acton fell foul of his history, because he displayed no indignation against the wickedness of sensual and persecuting popes. We have here a spirited reply to the attack, with a most amusing account of Creighton's embarrassment when as editor he had to pass the hostile criticism for insertion in the English Historical Review. But Acton, who would "make no allowance for that sort of thing," had no mercy either for the feelings of his friends. There is no doubt that Creighton had a genuine love and reverence for the Church that he served; not the least valuable pages of this book are those which refute the widespread notion that he was but accidentally a clergyman; yet this love and reverence were consistent with the keenest criticism, and we smile when we find him in the last year of his life describing himself to a Lay Helpers' Association as "an enthusiastic and fanatical Anglican."

The only striking incident in his career was the visit to Moscow for the Czar's coronation. Of this he long since gave the public his impressions, and little that is new is here furnished. His intimate letters from Russia are disappointing. Accustomed all his life to feel himself about the biggest man of his company, he seems on this occasion to have shrunk almost to smallness, though so much was made of him. He probably suffered from an insurgence of shy domesticity. But the historian had his eyes open, and he wrote a valuable paper, here printed, for the British Foreign Office. At home he seems to have let himself be too much smothered by the episcopate. He could not, perhaps, find time to continue his history, but to labour after a new personal style, a studied conformity to a standard of episcopal decorum, was less wise than well-meant, especially as the effort was not very successful. Mrs. Creighton loyally records the resolution and the result. It was a misfortune that soon after his succession to the See of London the Church was disturbed by an agitation about trumpery things for which he could care nothing, but which his trained historical sense prevented him from treating as negligible. He saw the Church of his affections and his hopes losing ground badly in consequence, and between his

sense of the triviality of the things debated and his fears of the consequences to ensue he wavered fatally, and the sun went down upon his hesitation. A little more time and he might have displayed a mastery over events. Even so men have been looking vainly since his death for someone to take his place. T. A. LACEY.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S "THEOPHANO."

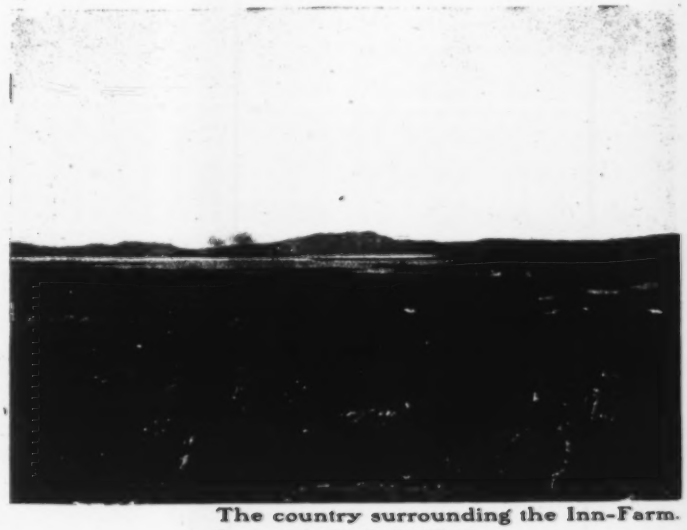
The historical value of Mr. Harrison's book may be taken for granted. Of that only the expert is competent to judge. But in a "Romantic Monograph," as the author himself appropriately calls his narrative, the ordinary reader may be allowed to regard historical accuracy as of secondary importance. The scene of the story lies almost entirely in Constantinople and the Levantine regions; and the period dealt with is about the middle of the tenth century, when a fierce struggle was raging between the then reviving, and still magnificent, Christian Empire and the decaying Saracen power. The manners and customs of the people in general are only touched incidentally; it is with the public and private life of the royal family and those immediately surrounding them that the story concerns itself; and it reveals them to us in what may truly be called a "lurid light." The historical setting, whether true or not, serves admirably as background and scenery for the stage upon which the lady Theophano and her victims—supported by a host of minor characters—play their part. The period was one of ceaseless action and excitement, and it was perhaps inevitable that those who took a leading part in the exciting life of the time should have the emotional side of their nature developed to an abnormal degree. It is thus, at any rate, that the author depicts them. The various characters, from the heroine downwards, shriek, shout, hiss, writhe, grovel, are convulsed, with a frequency that would soon wear out the nervous system of ordinary mortals of the present day. Even Nicephorus Phocas, "the most heroic warrior of a family of men of war, now in the flower of his strength at forty-six years of age," the conqueror of the Saracen, and at last Emperor, is no exception. For example, when confessing the one solitary wickedness of which he felt guilty "he sank down flat on the marble pavement; and lay prostrate, writhing in agony and shame and despair, his huge limbs convulsed, and his powerful hands clinched (*sic*) in his passion. A long silence ensued, hardly broken by the sobs and groans of the chief, as his frame was shaken with a tumult of emotions."

Theophano, the heroine and principal villain of the story, is introduced as a young girl of "mysterious beauty," Anastasia by name, who claims to be the descendant of Spartan kings; but who, in the meantime, is living in obscurity with her old father on the Asian side of the Bosphorus, opposite Constantinople. One day the youthful son and heir of the Emperor Constantine, hunting in the adjacent forest, is wounded by a wild boar, and carried bleeding and half conscious into her father's house. Anastasia and her old nurse attend to him and bandage his wound. The suffering and beauty of the unknown youth—who is lovely as Adonis—attract the maiden's pity and admiration. He recovers consciousness to find "her lustrous eyes beaming on him." "The fire, the passion, the profound mysteries they betrayed shot down to the marrow of his bones, and he sank back amazed and thrilled, exhausted with the spasm of enjoyment it had caused him." Before leaving the house he manages to thrust a ring into her hand, while he whispers, "Yes, we shall meet again." They do meet again—needless to say. By means of the ring Anastasia discovers that he is the Emperor's son and heir. The discovery affects her almost as keenly as her beaming eyes had affected the prince. "She sprang up in a whirlwind of emotion, pacing the room, and flinging up aloft her shapely arms in the attitude of a priestess of Apollo. "Mother of God! Daughter of Zeus! Queen of Love! Where am I? What is this? What will come of it?" and so on.

What comes of it, in the first place, is her marriage with the youth—which she accomplishes by a clever trick; for Romanus, although he offered her love, had no intention of marrying her.

When, on the death of his father, Romanus becomes Emperor, one of the first things Theophano does is to induce him to confine her five beautiful sisters-in-law in a convent. Naturally they object, and insist on appealing personally to their brother. "The noise and confusion increased until at last the guards and ushers of the Royal presence found themselves unable to resist the pressure of the women, who with shrieks of grief and indignation, forced their way through the amazed and abashed group of attendants. . . . 'Sovereign Lord, brother Romanus,' shrieked Zoe, as she flung herself down with her sister at the feet of the uneasy Basileus, 'these barbarous wretches pretend that they have your sign manual to an order to expel us from the palace—us, your own sisters—daughters of your father, who is hardly cold in his tomb—have orders to seize and force us off this very day.' And here she burst into such an agony of sobs that her voice became inarticulate—her fine countenance convulsed with passion and terror—and her Imperial robes and ornaments were disordered by the prolonged struggle she had made to reach the throne of the Cæsar.

* "Theophano." The Crusade of the Tenth Century. A Romantic Monograph. By Frederic Harrison, M.A., Vice-President of the Royal Historical Society. (London: Chapman and Hall, Ld.)



The country surrounding the Inn-Farm.
The scene of "The Prodigal Son."

The Drowning Pool, Thingvellir.
"When a woman was unfaithful to her husband, they hurled her from the rocks into the water."—"The Prodigal Son."

. . . 'They must have forged this pretended order! Our brother is not so cruel!' shrieked Theodora, beside her sister, like her convulsed in tears and writhing on the marble pavement. . . ." The three younger sisters now joined them, and "the scene became one of wild confusion." The widowed mother of the Basileus next appeared, and Romanus had been reduced to "an agony of tears and sobs," and was evidently relenting, "when Theophano glided in at the head of a splendid array of cubiculars, eunuchs, guards, and pages, in all the glamour of her Imperial vestures and her divine beauty, with a smile of triumph on her lips, and the glance as of an angry Juno in her eyes. 'My king, my lord, my hero!' burst forth the Empress, as she flung her siren's arms round the neck of her husband, and fascinated him with the fire of her eyes, 'I am come to save thee, and keep thee true to thyself. . . .'" She then reproaches him, and enquires scornfully, referring to his mother, "Who is this daughter of Lecapenus to bandy insults at me, the daughter of a hundred kings of Sparta down from Leonidas of Thermopylæ?" She continues in this strain for some time, insisting upon the immediate expulsion from the palace of "the widow-scold and her shrieking girls." The wretched lad cowered under this torrent of reproaches and commands. In breathless silence he turned his eyes from the monk to the chamberlain, and thence he fixed them on the ground in sore perplexity and bewilderment. Stifled sobs alone broke the agonising silence.

"'Romanus, my husband, my lover,' hissed the Basilissa at last, as she forced him to look into her eyes, and he felt the perfume of her breath steal into the very marrow of his bones." After this, of course there is no hope for the poor princesses; and after much shrieking and "an unseemly struggle," they are dragged away to the convent. Then "the Emperor, torn to pieces and almost fainting under the storm of his emotions, flung himself down on a couch, buried his face in his embroidered robe, and wept the most bitter tears he had known since childhood."

It is pleasing to find that retribution at last overtakes this unscrupulous lady, when the man for whose sake she has first ruined and finally murdered Nicephorus, declines the honour of her hand, and consigns her to the same fate to which she had condemned the princesses. Her spirit, however, is not subdued even then. She "sprang forward like a tigress, struck the child Basil twice across the mouth till his blood gushed forth over her royal robes, screaming, 'Are ye all curs and traitors together? Mongrel priest, bastard child, false lover, slaves, eunuchs, I defy ye all, I curse ye all!' And with these words she fell forwards fainting in the arms of the black guards, who seized her, and held her in their unsparing grasp."

These quotations are fair examples of the style of the book. Emotion is the keynote, and emotion usually at boiling point. The author himself seems carried away by it. He revels in his subject, and hurries on from one incident or scene to another with breathless and (to the reader) exhausting haste. Pageants, battles, love scenes, court intrigues, and domestic squabbles are all described in superlatives and with minute detail; and in his haste Mr. Harrison frequently pays little regard to literary elegance. Some examples of this occur in the quotations already given. The following are taken at random from the book. On page 32 the Patriarch Polyeuctus is said to be "*covered* with a halo of sanctity." On p. 155 "the swarthy countenance of the eunuch glowed with a fierce gleam, as a beast of prey that has seized his victim." On p. 185 the writer speaks of "Nicephorus, who *from an armed* anchorite seemed to be fast adopting the habits of a Byzantine autocrat." On p. 326 the "bravoes looked around with rage and fear, under a sudden *impulse* that they had been caught in a trap." On p. 40 the author makes the curious statement that certain soldiers were armed with "short" claymores.

A TALE OF LITERARY LIFE.*

If Mr. Hammerton has not embodied in "The Call of the Town" a good deal of cunningly disguised autobiography, he has come so near truth in the larger sense that few men who have lived the literary life will be able to read this record of the career of Henry Charles without being reminded, here and there, of pleasant or unpleasant experiences of their own. It is a story of actual life told with that quiet realism which is truer and more powerful than all those merely violent excesses that are commonly supposed to be "strong."

At the outset, Henry Charles dwells at home with his father, who keeps the sleepy village post-office in "the one and only street of Hampton Bagot." He is a studious youngster with literary ambitions that his father— a quaintly humorous personality drawn with sympathetic insight—is eager to see him realise. Presently, as a step in the right direction, Henry goes as apprentice to Mr. Ephraim Griggs, a famous second-hand bookseller in Stratford-on-Avon, and there the first of many disillusions awaits him. He had imagined Mr. Griggs as an old bookworm absorbed in literature, but finds him a practical person who is primarily interested in the breeding of poultry. From Mr. Griggs' shop Henry drifts into journalism by rendering gratuitous assistance to his fellow lodger, Mr. Trevor Smith, the swaggering district-reporter of the *Stratford Guardian*. Having thus tasted blood, he is more resolute than ever to become a journalist. On his father paying a small premium he gets a start, passes from the office of one provincial paper to another, and then, for he has heard the call of the town and nothing outside of it will content him, he succeeds in getting an editorial appointment on a London literary weekly.

The book holds you throughout by the perfect naturalness of its developments, the charm of its style, and the pervading lifelikeness of its people. The village folk, with their oddities and simplicities, the miscellaneous more sophisticated provincial editors and reporters are all very flesh and blood humanity; and if the "Pen and Pencil Club" and its members do not exist in London under other names we must be mistaken in our belief that we can identify them.

Mr. Hammerton has a shrewd turn for epigram; he writes of a side of life with which he has been intimate, and writes of it humorously and sympathetically, and with a narrative skill that makes "The Call of the Town" a delightfully human and wholly interesting novel.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "The Call of the Town." By J. A. Hammerton. 3s. 6d. (Everett).

Novel Notes.

JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Most people begin to weary of the details of Mr. Beck's wrongs, and of the innumerable similar cases which have since been discovered. But Mrs. Thurston must be grateful for the accident which has come so aptly to reinforce the credibility of her narrative. Before the Beck case the general reader would certainly and with some reason have pronounced "John Chilcote, M.P.," to be pure and simple melodrama. The situation is not, of course, by any means new to fiction, but it has not elsewhere been pushed to the same extreme. Whatever we may think about its feasibility, there is no doubt about the interest of the play which Mrs. Thurston unfolds with great dramatic skill. Chilcote is a parliamentary failure, who bribes a "double" to take his place in the House and at home while he indulges his drug-habit. The double is undetected by Chilcote's colleagues, servants, and at first even by his wife, and being a man of conspicuous ability, he soon earned for the name of Chilcote a great reputation. Chilcote's reappearances in his own person grew fewer and fewer, and at last came the inevitable end. The dead body of Chilcote was buried in the name of Loder, and the double was left an alternative of two names and two careers. Which he chose it is not for us to say. It is obvious that the plot affords the possibility of many strong situations, and we can assure our readers that they have been cleverly utilised. Some of the developments of the plot naturally required very delicate handling, but in this again Mrs. Thurston shows that she has a complete mastery of her materials. The jaded phrase is no hyperbole here; the book will be read at one sitting. Not one of Mrs. Thurston's delighted audience will think of stirring till the curtain falls.

PROVINCIAL TALES. By Gertrude H. Bone. 6s. (Duckworth.)

We put aside Mrs. Bone's "Preface and Apology," in which she contrasts the expressiveness of the words of the ignorant poor in moments of stress or passion, with those of the educated "average person" under like circumstances. In the examples gathered in this volume we feel the force of the peasants' words, but we feel more the beauty of the author's work. The words in themselves are expressive just by reason of their absolute simplicity, and the undeniable power of the author to present them with a moving and natural appeal to the heart. This is no common writing; the quiet leading up to a pitiful tragedy, as in "Poverty," the lighter but subtle rise and fall of interest, despair, hope and charity, as in "The Wedding Dress," the perfect, restrained beauty of "The Sea's Dominion," to mention only a few of these tales, are consummate workmanship without a trace of the working. Strong, absolutely simple, instinct with feeling, art has made these common things wonderful.

WHOSOEVER SHALL OFFEND. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The mere mention of a novel of Italian life by Mr. Marion Crawford is sufficient to whet the appetite of the most *blasé* reader of fiction. With good reason we take up a new volume of Mr. Crawford's, confident of finding in it a strong situation handled with technical mastery, and set forth with delightful literary skill. This expectation is not balked by "Whosoever Shall Offend." In style and in sustained interest Mr. Crawford still keeps his pre-eminence. The hardest standard by which to try the book is the author's own previous achievement, and we confess that the pleasure with which we have read the story has been tempered with regretful recollections of the splendid Saracinesca trilogy. The theme of "Whosoever Shall Offend" is disappointingly theatrical. Folco Corbario out-smiles the most smiling villain of melodrama. He poisons his wife without a tremor; he wastes away with grief over the stepson whom he has treacherously clubbed. But the stepson is saved by Regina, a beautiful peasant girl, and in due time Corbario is to be found in solitary confinement in an Italian prison, and Regina's timely death leaves her lover free to contract a more equal alliance. The plot is obviously a little threadbare. We seem to have heard before of a murder on the shore being detected by the skipper of a passing vessel, although we are grateful to Mr. Crawford for not having illuminated the scene with the familiar flash of lightning. Professor Kalmon, with his terrible lethal pellets, has also many relatives in fiction, and only Mr. Crawford's skill could have endowed him with a passable plausibility. It is not the compliment which we should have liked to pay to say that Mr. Crawford has done wonders with a singularly poor subject. But still it is true.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. By Robert Hichens. 6s. (Methuen.)

No novel that Mr. Hichens has yet written reaches such a high level as this. He has chosen a great theme and handled it greatly. The first book, admirable as it is, needs some condensing; but that said, nothing but praise remains to say. "The Garden of Allah" is the great desert of the Sahara, and thither travels Domini Enfilden, who was "thirty-two, unmarried, and in a singularly independent—some might have thought a singularly lonely—situation. Her father, Lord Rens, had recently died, leaving Domini, who was his only child, a large fortune," and a past that was not altogether good to remember. She is yearning to get away from all the world she has known, and looks dimly to finding her soul in the loneliness of the desert. And there her passionate prayer, "O God, renew me. Give me power to feel, keenly, fiercely, even though I suffer. Let me wake. Let me feel . . . ." is fully answered. She meets, in the glamorous little desert town, with Boris Androvsky; she had seen him in the train on her way there and been repelled, but her aversion changes to love, and he, putting aside his shrinking shyness, loves and wins her. But there is a shadow between them; he is fretted by a secret that he is hiding from her, and when at last he confesses it, out of her perfect love of him and his of her, they rise to a lofty renunciation of self, and are parted to the end of this life, so that they may not be separated eternally in the next. It is altogether a brilliant piece of work. The central idea of the story is finely conceived, and it is developed with an imaginative power and emotional intensity that are by way of being rare indeed in modern fiction.

THE LADY OF LOYALTY HOUSE. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 6s. (Methuen.)

Anyone who has read "The Proud Prince," or "If I Were King," knows what an excellent romancist Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy can be, and will read "The Lady of Loyalty House" with some little disappointment. It is too obviously written with an eye on the theatre, and smacks too much of the stage and too little of life. Brilliana, the Lady of Harby, arms her servants and holds her house for the king against a force of besieging Roundheads. The leader of the enemy comes in under a flag of truce, and while he is demanding surrender, reinforcements arrive for the Cavaliers and he is taken prisoner in a fashion that is not at all charcteristic of those gallant gentlemen, but the exigencies of the plot required it. From hating him violently, Brilliana grows to love this man, and before the end he is indebted to her and to the self-sacrifice of his rival for his life. One can imagine that on the boards it would make a rousing melodrama; but here, the arrangement of the events is too mechanical, and the humour is too crudely pantomimical to seem humorous. It is lightly and vivaciously written, and so can be read with interest, but Mr. McCarthy has proved himself, and we have a right to expect better things from him.

THE BRETHREN. By H. Rider Haggard. 6s. (Cassell.)

For his latest romance Mr. Rider Haggard has gone back to the time of the Crusaders. His heroine, Rosamund, is the only daughter of old Sir Andrew D'Arcy and the dead Zobeide, a sister of the great Sultan Saladin. Sir Andrew had in his younger days been taken prisoner by the Sultan's father, and escaping, had fled to England with his captor's daughter; and when "The Brethren" starts, the Sultan, because of a strange dream, is resolved to have his niece to live with him in his palace at Damascus, and sends emissaries to fetch her from her father's house. Dwelling with Sir Andrew at this juncture are his two nephews, Godwin and Wulf, and in saving her from the first attempt of the Sultan's agents to carry her off, these two realise that they love her. But their love in no wise lessens their loyalty and affection to each other. By mutual agreement each declares his passion, but asks Rosamund not to reply to him until the following day, so that in the knowledge that they both love her she may be very sure which of them has her whole heart. Unable to make up her mind on this, Rosamund says she will answer neither of them till they return from the wars in two years' time, and that then, if one shall be dead, she will marry the other. Such an accommodating love is not entirely convincing, but it serves to rouse the reader's curiosity and to keep him on the tenterhooks of uncertainty until the very last page. One Christmas night Rosamund is stolen away from under her father's roof, but contrives to leave a message urging her lovers to follow and rescue her. They hasten on her track to the Holy Land, and thereafter the plot thickens more rapidly, and there is no stint of perilous adventure, gallant fighting, supernatural happenings, and picturesque mystery by the way. It is a capital romance of its kind, bristling with sensational incidents, and written with all Mr. Haggard's customary cunning and effectiveness.

AUNT HULDAH. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Aunt Huldah belongs to the same cheery and quaintly sagacious family as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, but she is too strongly individual for the resemblance to be more than superficial. She keeps a coffee-house in the wilds of the Far West, and looks tolerantly on the desperadoes and unscrupulous rascals of those parts, regarding them large-heartedly as "pore babies, pore little ign'ant chil'en. Ef they knowed better they'd do better," she considers, and holds that, "Law, yes! they must be punished—a child has ter be spanked sometimes; but they ain't no joy in punishin' 'em." She has been long widowed, and has an old memory of two dead children that were hers, and it has come to be such a matter of course for her to adopt all the deserted and orphaned little ones of the district that her coffee-house is locally known as the Orphan Home. Everybody in trouble

or difficulties turns naturally to her for help, and is always sure of getting it. But she is no mere sentimentalist; a shrewd, practical common-sense underlies all her tender-heartedness, and enables her to awaken what is best and strongest in her many harrassing "orphants" where a firmer and more drastic treatment might have failed. The humour of the stories is delightfully quaint, and every page is full of matter for laughter or for tears. It is a book that will, like Aunt Huldah herself, "scatter sunshine" wherever it is known.

THE FARM OF THE DAGGER. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

There are some fine descriptive passages, some powerfully dramatic situations, and a charmingly idyllic love story in "The Farm of the Dagger," and yet, as a whole, it just fails of being convincing. The things that Eve Newcombe says to her lover, young Quinton Honeywell, would be wholly beautiful in thought, but become mere high falutin' when they are spoken. If Mr. Phillpotts had written them as describing her feeling and the unutterable raptures of her spirit, one could have read them with complete delight, but when one is asked to accept them as the spoken words of a country lass, one cannot do it believingly. The long feud between the two neighbour farmers is strikingly developed. The nephew of the one loves the daughter of the other; both set their faces against any such union, and Honeywell goes to villainous lengths to prevent it, with the result that Eve's brain is affected, she attempts suicide, and remains thereafter in a state of pathetically harmless imbecility. The tragic death of the two old enemies is a grim and vivid bit of writing, and the happy ending that comes on the heels of it gains in brightness from the contrast. The book will not rank with its author's best, though its characterisation is often masterly, and the story itself is always interesting.

MAJOR WEIR. By K. L. Montgomery. 6s. (Unwin.)

The story of Major Weir is an imaginative blend of fact and fiction. It is crowded with sensational events, and touched with much that is weird and ghastly. Weir, who passes in old Edinburgh for a godly man and is currently known as Angelical Thomas, is drawn with considerable skill. He is a cunning and callous schemer, who practises black magic with the aid of a familiar that is always with him in the shape of a black staff. His grim career of villainy and hypocrisy is played out against a background of the storm and tragedy that darkened the days of the Scottish Covenanters. The book has a strong love interest, no little of intrigue and mystery, and, in spite of some occasional prolixity, will be read with unflagging interest from the opening, where Major Weir's preaching to his followers is interrupted by his sister's strangely hysterical outbreak, to the end, when, being exhorted to repent, the Major answers in his anguish, "I have lived like a beast—I must die like a beast!"

BODEN'S BOY. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Boden is the real centre and hero of this capital story. He is a common drapery assistant, who suddenly comes into a large fortune, which he gently tries to use on behalf of others, including David Wayne, his "boy," or adopted ward, and Miss Barbara Pilgrim, his typist. Both Boden and his boy are in love with the latter, whose father takes advantage of Boden's chivalrous affection and manages to fleece him of his money. But the tale ends happily. Its prevailing note is an unforced sympathy with half-educated human nature, and there is plenty of good humour and movement in every chapter. Tickner, the valet, is a great success, and so is Mr. Swaddell, a Pumblechook indeed. Mr. Gallon is to be heartily congratulated on his skill in drawing them, and in his whole management of the plot. Alike in tone and action, the novel is a sincere delight.

DAVENTRY'S DAUGHTER. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Chatto.)

Mr. Harold Bindloss always writes carefully and well, but if anything he is a little too restrained, too rigidly deliberate. His work would gain considerably in force and virility if he would but occasionally "let himself go." The story of "Daventry's Daughter" is chiefly that of John Everard, a young man who, after running away to sea and roughing it generally, comes into a fortune, falls in love with Beatrice Hesseldine, who proves as shallow as she is beautiful, and would settle down, only that Beatrice's mother is against her marrying in any such hurry. Before the end of his probation, he suddenly loses his fortune, and with his fortune goes Beatrice. Having to begin life anew, he sets out with Colonel Daventry, one of the company embarking on the great Sahara Exploration Expedition, and so enters upon adventures that make capital reading. In the end, he is in a fair way of earning another fortune, and wins again the love of a woman, but the woman is not Beatrice. A capably constructed and very readable romance.

THE CHRONICLES OF DON Q. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

"Don Q." is a contraction for a name which by interpretation means "bone-smasher," the sobriquet of a local vulture. But the Spanish brigand, who bears it, is by no means a common cut-throat. He is a mixture of chivalry, impudence, and rapacity, a cigarette smoking descendant of Rob Roy, whose adventures have been told, with occasional lapses into melodrama and extravagance, in this strong, exciting volume. The tales read well in serial form, and they will furnish some thrilling moments in their new collected and illustrated shape. Besides, unlike Sherlock Holmes, Don Q. does not wantonly fling away his life at the close. He arranges for his memoirs to be published by an English firm—O prudent Don Q.! And he still lives—O prudent authors!

The Bookman's Table.

LONDON IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS. By Sir Walter Besant. 30s. net. (Black.)

This splendid volume is the third member of the series intended by the late Sir Walter Besant to form a complete survey of London. The literary and the historical student, the antiquary, and the general reader will all rejoice that Sir Walter Besant's great project was sufficiently far advanced to cover, as it now does, the history of London from the reign of Henry VII. to the end of the eighteenth century. The volumes all proceed on so carefully calculated a plan, and all are of such excellence, that it were rash to give any one the pre-eminence. But very many will find this the most interesting of the three, for it affords a most complete and very delightful picture of every side of Elizabethan London. With literary attractiveness it combines the results of detailed research. The book is a mine of information, and, unlike most of its kind, it conveys that information in the form of a coherent and attractive narrative. Like its predecessors, the volume is splendidly produced. It is a worthy addition to Sir Walter Besant's most enduring monument.

JOHN OF GAUNT. By Sydney Armitage Smith. 18s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. Armitage Smith states unquestionable truths when he asks, "What name on the roll of English princes is more familiar? What actor in the great drama of English history has been watched with less attention?" To the first he himself supplies the obvious answer. That John of Gaunt is a household name is due almost entirely to Chaucer and Spenser—the clearest case in English history of the superiority of the pen to the sword. (We should be inclined to add as a reason the conservatism of matriculation examiners.) In spite of his proved personal courage, John of Gaunt never carved out fame with his sword. His expeditions to France were mostly failures, and Mr. Armitage Smith, who is too good a historian ever to be an apologist, is constrained to admit that John of Gaunt owed vastly more to his tact, to his poet friend, and to his matrimonial successes than he did to his own abilities either as a soldier or as a statesman. Frankly, there seems considerable justification for the inattention hitherto paid him, for greatness was thrust upon him, not achieved. That our two greatest poets should have immortalised him is an honour for which Mr. Armitage Smith, in a careful and very elaborate study, adduces no very satisfactory reasons. John of Gaunt, so far from suffering from want of attention, is one of the luckiest figures in history. Without any very pressing reasons he is a "household name"; two poets have done him honour; he founded a great dynasty; and now he has been made the

subject of a historical study in accordance with the most exacting requirements of modern scholarship. Mr. Armitage Smith, having discovered a felt want in our historical annals, has supplied it with the greatest zeal and care. If it had to be done, it is well done. It is pardonable to think it might have been done more quickly. Had Mr. Armitage Smith attacked his subject with less of a Teutonic seriousness, he might have produced a more readable narrative of John of Gaunt and his times. But it is a pleasure to commend the thoroughness of the volume. It represents a vast amount of honest research, and proves that the Oxford School of History includes more than "idle Fellows." Discursive historians of the future, wielders of a lighter pen, will bravely steal from Mr. Armitage Smith as a standard authority.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD. Edited by W. H. Hutton. 17s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

That Lord Salisbury extinguished a historian when he moved William Stubbs from the Bishopric of Chester to that of Oxford has been often affirmed, and with some truth. Dr. Stubbs himself remarked, and one can recall the twinkle in his eyes, "Like Homer, I lose so much by translation." He was alluding to the income of the Oxford see —Bishop Mackarness having a pension from it—but when we remember the journeyings, the empty ceremonies, the hundred and one calls upon a bishop's time, we see how much in another sense he lost by translation, how much the world lost of the historian's power. Mr. Hutton's task has been a loving one, and he has performed it with a curiously sympathetic understanding. From the Bishop's works and from his letters, written and received, we can learn the worth of the man and the historian, his fine intellect, his sane judgment, his consummate accuracy, and his genius for patience; but his was one of those natures in which simplicity is mated with reserve, and this is the nature hardest to fathom, most often misunderstood, or misjudged, and Mr. Hutton, in his conclusions, proves his fitness for his work as editor. "He looked often, and he saw deep, into the pathos of life," writes Dr. Paget of his predecessor, "and those who so watch life have many thoughts they cannot freely talk of." With an admirable sense for the salient points, Mr. Hutton follows the career of William Stubbs from childhood to death—as schoolboy gaining his first knowledge of history from the rolls in the old courthouse of Knaresborough Castle; as servitor at Christ Church, Oxford; as parish priest, serious student, authority on ecclesiastical history, bishop. "Servitor of Christ Church," the words mean much, for servitorship was no light matter. In this situation Stubbs' simple heart and proper reserve, with his additional sense of humour, probably helped him well; certain it is that his inherent sweetness of temper and indifference to outward show were not spoiled by his position of servitude, his dignity and independence were never shaken. It is as historian, however, that he did his greatest work. "He saw the ways of courts and armies, of judges, bishops, merchants, as one who had lived among them," and his unstinted labours did for his country's past what, perhaps, no other man had ever accomplished. His letters are vivacious or sober as the subject needed, but always straightforward, always honest, always true.

NAPLES. Painted by A. Fitzgerald. Described by S. Fitzgerald. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

The latest addition to Messrs. Black's series of "Beautiful Books" is one devoted to Naples and the surrounding country. The artist has very wisely sought for the majority of his subjects among the beautiful and varied marine landscapes of the Bay. The streets of Naples, though often indescribably fascinating by reason of the picturesqueness of the inhabitants, and the gaiety of their life in general, are in some ways so sordid and squalid as to repel those who are accustomed to the order and neatness of Northern cities. The charm of Naples lies therefore rather in the beauty of its situation and surroundings than in the city itself. Many of Mr. Fitzgerald's sketches are delightful, and reproduce the amazing brilliancy of colour so characteristic of Neapolitan scenery, with great delicacy and fidelity. Those who have never seen aught else but the sombre skies of these damp and misty islands, may perhaps be somewhat sceptical as to the authenticity of some of the colour effects, but no one who has witnessed the varied tints of sea, sky, and foliage in Southern Europe would ever accuse the artist of exaggeration. Some of the sketches are perhaps somewhat crude, but this may be the fault of the printer rather than of the painter. The letterpress is bright and interesting, and the work as a whole quite deserves its place in this most excellent series.

THE POET'S DIARY. Edited by Lamia. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

"Quarto avulso non deficit alter aureus." The Laureate's fifth garden book brings us into the same old garden of simples with Lamia and the Poet and Veronica to fleet away the hours. Here is the same easy, cultured prose; the same air of refinement; the same aversion to publicity and vulgarity; the same delicate, even-mannered delight in a world where there is no word of Predestination or Preferential Tariffs. The Poet has been at Rome. His diary occupies the bulk of the volume, and pervades its pages with Italian impressions, literary reminiscences, and a flavour of gossip upon this and that. The main defect of this kind of writing is a tendency towards discursiveness, or even more often, sententiousness, and Lamia might have excised part of the story on pp. 179—180, about Tennyson, had humour lain in Lamia's pretty way. The idea of Mr. Austin patronisingly correcting his predecessor on a matter of rhythm is sure to stir unhallowed joy in Gath. But such lapses of the superior person, it must be said, are as infrequent in these pages as weeds would be in the prim plots of Lamia's garden. One is more apt to come across a flower of thought like this:—"Have you observed that whenever one wants to cite something wise and true, one has to go either to the ancients or to the eighteenth century for it? The succeeding one, the one from which we have just emerged, was, I think, the most vainglorious of all the centuries, characteristically encouraging vainglory in others, and providing people with a number of 'Masters' whose teaching is already being questioned." Yes, the Laureate's latter-day prose has often as true a ring as his earlier verses had.

THE STUDENT'S OLD TESTAMENT. Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History, from the Creation of the Establishment of the Hebrew Kingdom. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., of Yale University. With Maps and Chronological Chart. 12s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

No one will qestion that the time has come when the constructive results of Biblical criticism should be put before the public in a form intelligible to the lay reader. For the student it is essential that he should have the means of studying the development of Old Testment religion, its laws, its institutions, its customs, its literature. But until the Bible is arranged chronologically, he finds it impossible to be sure of his ground. "The Hexateuch," by Carpenter and Harford-Battersby, suffices for part of the Bible, and for those who are willing to digest learned discussions. But there was ample room, indeed, a clear call, for such a book as Professor Kent has undertaken. In this volume we find a full and clear account of Israel's early records, the traditions they embody, the characteristics, dates, and history of the different prophetic and priestly narratives. Then we have the text, that is to say, a new translation of the books from Genesis to Ruth, so arranged that it is seen at a glance to what source each passage is to be referred, with brief explanatory notes when such are needed. The translation is based on the standard Hebrew text, for, as Professor Kent justly remarks, recent emendations fail to recognise the significant fact that the original writers were primitive Orientals, who cannot be expected to have conformed in every detail to twentieth century western standards. He admits that a certain amount of emendation is demanded. Great care has been spent upon the translation, and wisely. "A true translation translates not merely words but thoughts. When these are clear, the need for commentaries almost ceases." An extremely useful table is prefixed to the volume, giving the growth and approximate dates of the Old Testament and Apocryphal literature. In the appendix parallels are given from the Babylonian legends to the Biblical accounts of the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, and some of the Laws. Altogether, this "Old Testament" is a book not for the shelves, but for the desk. It will approve itself as indispensable to everyone who begins to use it. It is the first step towards a far wider and more intelligent study of the Bible.

Notes on New Books.

MR. FISHER UNWIN.

Miss Rosamond Langbridge made her first appearance as an authoress in the "First Novel Series" a year or so ago, and her book was promising. Her second volume, however, **The Third Experiment** (6s.), is more than promising; it is genuinely amusing and well-sustained from the first chapter to the last. The story deals with lower and lower middle-class Irish life, and some of Miss Langbridge's scenes are admirable minglings of truth, wit, and humour, with the truth shrewdly told, the wit spontaneous, the humour never strained. The heroine's name is Zena Elizabeth Psyche, generally translated "Fishy," and we meet her at the age of twelve. Her career is marked by vicissitude and a smiling progress on the upward grade; but quite as engaging as "Fishy" are the men, women, and children of the town which she delights—and otherwise—with her presence. Miss Langbridge is to be thanked for lightening the pressure of a heavy season of the reviewer's year.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

The posthumous volume from the pen of Mrs. E. T. Cook, **From a Holiday Journal** (10s. 6d. net), proves to us how much we have lost in losing this bright and versatile writer. The holidays, recollected and described in these pages, were taken in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and on the Upper River—above Oxford. An eye for the picturesque, a shrewd observation, a sympathetic nature, and a sense of humour, these, with a light and kindly pen, are qualities which make success sure. Go to Italy and study its people, study its life, if you would understand the pictures of the masters, is what she counsels. But study everything, from the antiquated guide-books and inn-albums, to the ways of tourists and the art of packing, if you would understand humanity. Mrs. Cook understood both art and life, and her volume is a wholesome lesson as well as a genuine refreshment.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

Miss Beatrice Whitby showed us some years ago that she understood living children, and could write of them. In her latest novel, **After All** (3s. 6d.), she takes a small boy and girl, whose parents have been obliged to winter abroad, and places them in the country, among relations and friends who give the author a fine chance for her quiet power of characterisation. Anne, the apparently unamiable step-cousin of the children, is the first person in the book as regards literary value; brusque, formidable, practical, devoted, her development is a proof of Miss Whitby's skill and care, and her dry savings and sharp rejoinders make an amusing vein through a book which holds sadness in its pages.

There has been something of a revival of the long story with a definite plot in it written by a capable author. Miss Arabella Kenealy has just contributed a fair example of this style of fiction, **The Marriage Yoke** (6s.). Miss Kenealy is rather too much inclined to use such expressions as, for instance, "with a selvedge in the silky ribbon of her voice;" "his eyes strained upon her as though they were retaining tears of blood," and many another of a like artificiality; but her twenty-years' secret of a supposed marriage is used with good effect, and it is interesting to find a novel of the more leisurely manner after a period of episodes in fiction and skimmings of life.

MR. JOHN LANE.

We confess to being somewhat disappointed in **Charms** (6s,), the new novel by the Earl of Iddesleigh. His earlier work had led us to count on more complete skill in the telling of a tale. "Charms," dealing with the State trial of Lettice, the heroine, on a charge of poisoning her father, seems to us to be less concerned with heroine, or hero either, than with George II. King of England. All the author's heart seems to be with the King and his surroundings, and in consequence this part of the book is unexpectedly strong. The effect left on a reviewer's mind is that the plot is subservient throughout to the characterisation of the King; that it is, so to speak, the peg on which His Majesty hangs. The author has drawn his other characters, but has omitted to put to them the touch of life.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The After Cost, by K. M. Edge (6s.), is a good Anglo-Indian novel, which, without decorative phrase or studied effect, holds the attention and pleases the imagination. There is a buried treasure in it, but this is manipulated so differently from the general mode in buried-treasure stories, that as a *motif* it comes quite freshly. One thinks little of the treasure, but much of the love, villainy, faithfulness, and restraint of the men and women gathered together by its influence. Miss Edge does not content herself with common settings for her plots, and this clever story is one to remain in the memory.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND COMPANY.

When a heroine in the first chapter has a face "heavy and rather fat, with an opaque, dark skin, a broad, blunt nose, and a wide mouth, which seemed to fall open of its own accord," we know that much has to be accomplished before we reach a happy ending. Such a face was possessed by the heroine of Miss Adeline Sergeant's new novel, **The Progress of Rachel** (6s.). But Rachel had one redeeming feature, she had beautiful eyes. She had also an eye for a beautiful picture. The story of Rachel, one of the wealthiest women in England, married to a man who out of pity asked her to be his wife, is pathetic, even tragic at times; but Miss Sergeant's skill in lightening gloomy situations is well known. This is never a harrowing book; and the manner in which Rachel prepared for her husband's return after three years' absence is almost as attractive to a reader as was the result to the husband.

The Silver Poppy (6s.), by Arthur Stringer, is a novel of literary life, therefore, it is almost unnecessary to add, it is tragic. The woman, Cordelia, achieves fame on the strength of ideas not her own. The man, John Hartley, believing in her, is at one time drawn down to an unrealised complicity in the deception. The treatment of the theme is serious, and at the same time luminous and often piquant. The development of the woman and her deceptions, the warring of her two selves, and her final desperation, are skilfully presented. The secondary characters, too, inhabitants of the literary and artistic world, are well-defined and thoroughly alive.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

It is always enlightening to an English reader to learn of the social distinctions in America, the land of the free, and Miss Myrtle Reed, the authoress of **The Master's Violin** (6s.), in her description of East and West Lancaster, betrays very prettily how far America has strayed from her old understanding of the word "democracy." "East Lancaster was the home of the aristocracy. . . . The upper circle proudly considered itself complete. . . . West Lancaster was on a hill. Hardy German emigrants had settled there, much to the disgust of East Lancaster. It was not considered 'good form' to allude to the dwellers upon the hill." But a dweller upon the hill crossed the brook and came into the circle which considered itself complete, and a love story of delicate quality, dainty, emotional, with here and there a degree too much sentiment, follows. Miss Reed's work reminds us of lovely colouring, sometimes glowing, sometimes dainty, never crude.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK.

Perhaps there is more of discovery than adventure in **By Nile and Euphrates:** A Record of Discovery and Adventure, by H. Valentine Geere (8s. 6d. net); but it is indeed a useful and quietly entertaining account of the expedition which set out on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania to continue the excavating work at Nippur. The work done needed patience and continuous devotion; it was given these, with enthusiasm added. We honestly think that Mr. Geere's wish for England to rouse herself to a far greater interest in Babylonian research may be greatly helped towards accomplishment by his frank and spirited words on the subject and his description of the work done and the work yet awaiting future excavating parties. Good illustrations and maps are included.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS.

Mr. H. D. Lowry's talent has grown tenderer with time. From the beginning he has always been able to discern, and to imagine well; but in his new volume of poems, **The Hundred Windows** (3s. 6d.), there are the recallings, the meditations, the tears, the courage that come only from experience, and from experience used worthily. Towards the end of this collection are poems for, and about, children. Here Mr. Lowry gives us pleasant surprises. We knew, three years ago, that he could write about a child, with grace and sincere poetic feeling, as in his lines to "W. V."; but to write poems for children is another matter, and in "Mother Sleep" and "Pied Piper's Song" he certainly has achieved success also.

MESSRS. HARPER BROTHERS.

An uncommon love-story has been written by Miss Rose K. Weekes, **Love in Chief** (6s.). Very few of the men and women in it are ordinary, and those which are so are cleverly set in conspicuous, though seemingly usual, places. The characterisation of the rich man, Noel Farquhar, who makes a profession of religion and honesty and charity, and actually carries it all out to the letter while believing nothing, and the equally clear characterisation of the beggar he befriends, Lucian de Saumarez, consumptive, attractive, keen-sighted, and nonchalantly loyal, are work worthy of admiration. The men are unexpectedly original in every situation; and their story is tersely, at times almost brutally, vivid.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

After reading some hundreds of improbable stories about Russian intriguers, desperate nihilists, beautiful patriots, and deadly bombs, one can fully appreciate the yarn spun by Tony Wilder in **Archers of the Long Bow** (oh, comprehensive title!), by Arthur Moore (6s.), when he called upon Mr. Plimsoll Drew, Expert Adviser. Tony merely wished to serve his friend, Paul Morrow, fellow undergraduate of Oxford, who had become enamoured of a lady seen at the window of the Expert Adviser's rooms in Bacon's Inn. But Tony's "faked" case developed in a most unlooked-for manner, and Mr. Moore's light treatment of the ways of the gay-hearted products of the Universities makes a thoroughly funny story. Mr. Moore calls it "exorbitant"—well——.

MESSRS. JAMES CLARKE AND CO.

Views of life, these are what are given in **The Common Life** by J. Brierley (6s.); and from certain limited scenes the outlook is widened by judicious words of enlightening force. Thirty-six essays touch on as many subjects; yet these are kindred, for the thoughts contained in them are the thoughts of the man who has moved about with his eyes always observant, and his brain contemplative. He watches the faces in the streets—"there is no such portrait gallery in the world as a London street"—the trend of behaviour, the lives of readers, preachers, spiritual thinkers, and others; he writes of the world's memory, and the love of society, or solitude, and many another point, with allusions and instances which make his book a literary refreshment and an incentive to thought.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND COMPANY.

He kissed her across the counter in the second chapter, the hero of Miss Gertrude Warden's novel, **The Game of Love** (6s.); but it is fair to say it was quite a mistake, the heroine was disguised and he thought she was his old governess. This defiance of the

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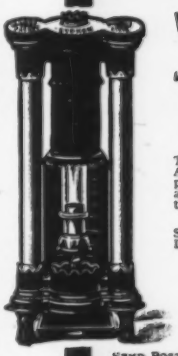

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——— 1902, Jan., Feb., April, September.
——— 1903, October.
——— 1904, March, July.
British Monthly, 1901, all except December.
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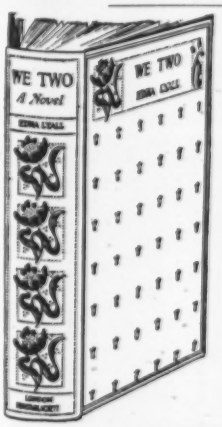

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